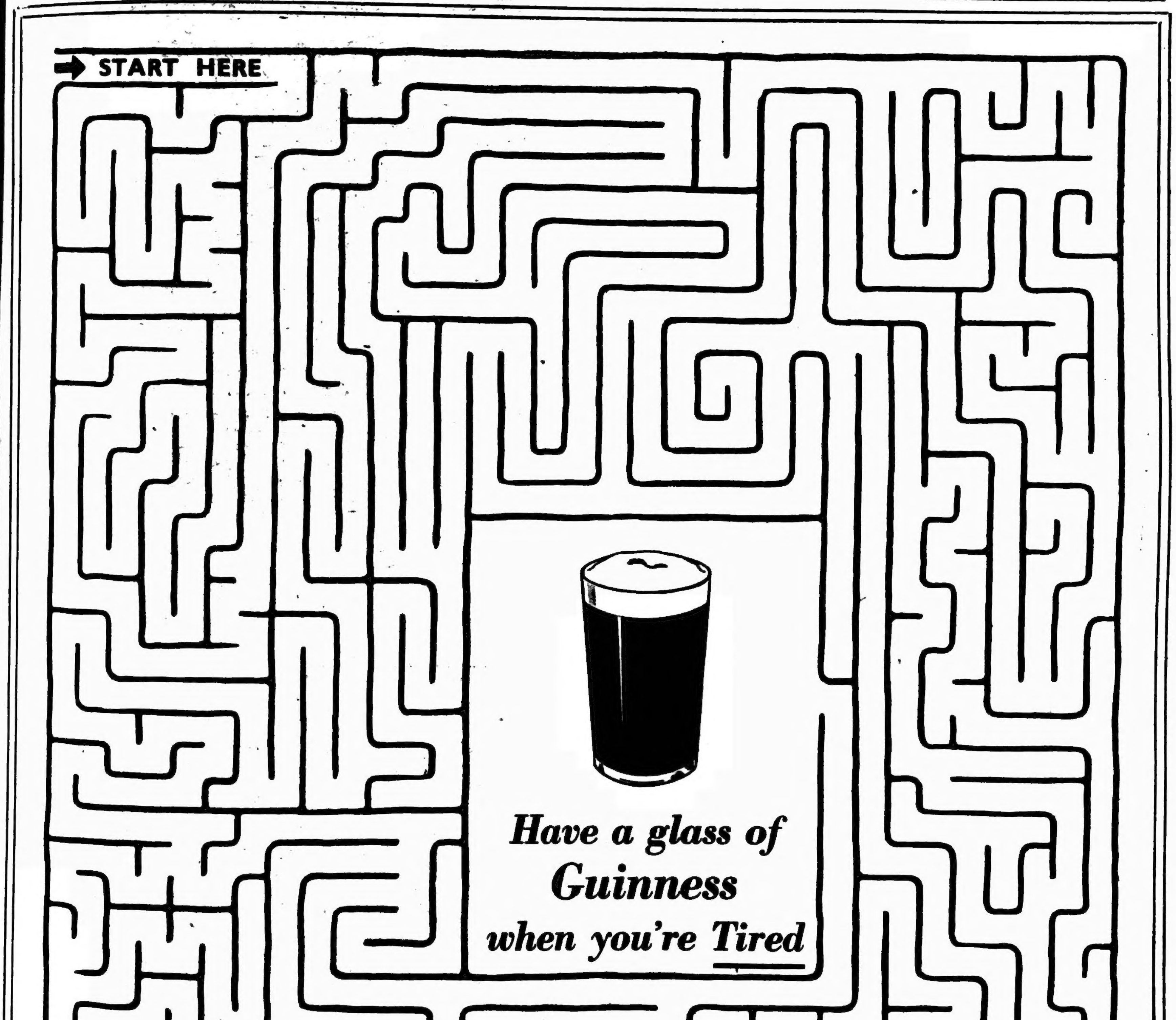
JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 31, 1936

TWOPENCE
Vol. LX.
1585.

LORD SWINTON MUST GO! (SEE PAGE NINE)

JOHN BULL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Have a glass of Guinness when you're Tired
JB
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VARNISH STAIN
DARK OAK

Varnene Oil Varnish Stain gives floors a beauty treatment that will not chip and offers far more resistance to wear and scratch. Never before has it been possible to give ordinary floor boards such a lovely high-gloss finish.

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GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	47/6	2/6	4/3
10	6	82/6	3/6	7/6
15	8	149/-	5/-	13/-

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Contains 164 RUG DESIGNS in COLOUR, Hints on Rug-making illustrated by numerous photographs, etc. We also send you 100 FREE SAMPLES OF

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BRITISH MADE VALVE
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WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT OR OVERCOAT?

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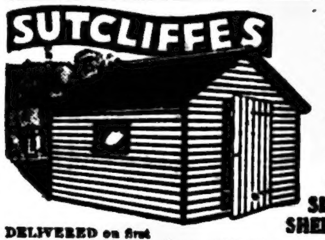

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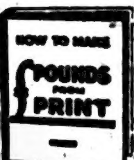
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TO JACK FROM MOTHER 1936
WHEREVER YOU MAY BE

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Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes

75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, Handsome Silk Chris. Robe, Choice Emb. Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Wincey or Flan. Nighties, Full-size Chris. Shawl in Wool or Silk and Wool, All-Wool Wrapper or Pullover Vests, Best Flannel Barrue (Beds), Hand-Knit Woollies, Trunk Sets, Mat. Coats, Large Napkin Squares, Coveralls, Etc. Everything Complete. ANOTHER PURCHASER writes: "To have such gorgeous Baby-Clothes on hand puts one's mind at rest. I am never tired of admiring them."

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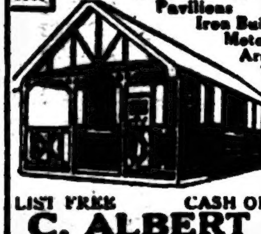

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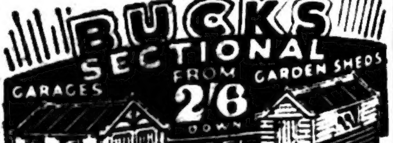

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Specially Selected Materials together with High Class Workmanship have made our name. Select your building from the numerous designs in Bucks Catalogue J.31, It's FREE.

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BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.31), Erith Road, Erith, Kent.

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and receive post *free beautifully illustrated Coloured Brochure of New Season's Models.*

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OILSKIN LEGGINGS & SOU-WESTER GIVEN FREE

WITH THIS FINE-QUALITY

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(Made from ex-AIR CO. liquidation stock.)

A bargain for Cyclists!!! Full Cape. 120 in. bottom, 40 in. long. Best quality Oilskin, thoroughly oil-proofed and GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF. Fitted handlebar tapes. Seams waterproofed and double sewn.

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STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

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7, West Street, Erith, Kent.
(Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years.)
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IDEAL FOR AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL

SEND ONLY 5/-

Not to be confused with many cheap instruments offered to the public, which cannot possibly give lasting satisfaction. A genuine high-class ESTRELLA model, strongly constructed and superbly finished in every detail. No. 3025/12/2: 25 piano keys, 12 Bass, 2 voice. Reeds on separate plates give rich tone. Easy to play. Tutor and carrying case FREE. 64 4s. 0d. cash, or delivered for 5/-, balance in 11 monthly payments of 8/-, Carriage Paid. Prompt delivery. List FREE

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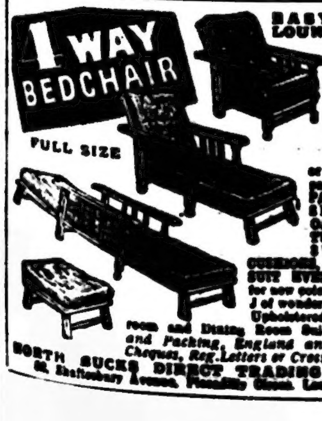

FULL SIZE

EASY CHAIR, LOUNGE CHAIR, FULL-LENGTH BED, FIRE-SIDE SEAT

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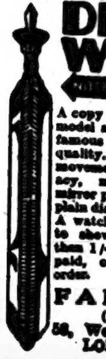
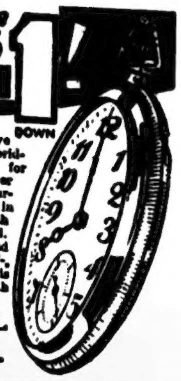
This Fashionable DRESS WATCH 1/- DOWN





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"TILETEX" and "PAROLEUM"

The ideal coverings for damp floors!

90 SQ. FT. 15/-

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor coverings. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for 15/-

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide.

Send for samples and full particulars post free.

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OVERCOATS from 45/-: 4/-mthly
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Perfectly cut for you by expert men cutters. No mass production. NO EXTRA FOR CREDIT. LADIES' WINTER COATS, trimmed or untrimmed, fur fabric or fur. Smart knitwear, gowns, furs, etc. FREE ON APPROVAL. Pay only if satisfied, from 4/- monthly. Reduced terms for combined Ladies' and Gent's account. State which patterns required.

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PIETRO PIANO ACCORDIONS

De Luxe Models.

EASY TERMS AVAILABLE.

Piano Keys	Basses	Price
21	8	£2 2 0
25	12	£2 19 6
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34	48	£9 19 6
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All models have Gold or Silver decorations on White, Blue or Rose Pearl Finish. Write for free catalogue showing full range of the new models now ready.

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COMPLETE WITH HANDLE

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A real Garden wizard! Will clear your garden of leaves and litter in lightning time without effort or fuss. Note the long, wide spreading flexible teeth which reach into corners, around shrubs, trees, etc. Completely clears a lawn in 2 minutes. Fitted with adjusting bar for wide or narrow operation. Made of specially tempered coppered steel. Lasts a lifetime. Get one for the week end. Complete with handle 2/6; carr. 6d. extra.

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Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends. 68 x 88in; 7½lb pair; Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 73x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. 3/6 Now, 3/6 Monthly. 42/-

Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

A CORONATION MODEL

of the WORLD-FAMED

SETTIMIO SOPRANI PIANO ACCORDION

YOURS for less than 5/- per week

Note these incomparable and exclusive features:—

Single-blade, Swedish steel reeds. All-metal adjustable treble mechanism. All-metal Bass Action. Concealed push-type coupler.

Full professional models—41 Treble, 120 Bass.

Each Model, complete in handsome Case, carries a FREE GIFT of the Finest Accordion Tutor ever published—the Settimio Soprani Self-Instructor. Thousands sold at 5/- each.

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THIS SPACIOUS SOUND CHAMBER MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

IMPROVED MODEL 2/- POST 3d.

A NEW HARMONICA OF THE HIGHEST MUSICAL PERFECTION

Straight from the Continent! The marvellous Accordion Harp Harmonica as used by bands and professionals. Note the large polished wood sound chamber, which amplifies and controls the tremolo tuned deep bass and rich treble chords, giving amazing volume just like a mighty organ. Bound in handsome coloured nacreous mother-of-pearl, with plated fittings, this full-size brass-reeded Harmonica is a most powerful magnificent instrument on which you can quickly play any tunes with realistic piano-accordion effects. Wonderful value.

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You can start a Postal Business of your own right away by the Hand method, invented by Chas. Hand, Founder of World-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., who, without previous experience, made £1,720 net profit in first year (certified by chartered accountants: copy certificate supplied). One small advertisement brought in £343. Fascinating, easy way of selling goods from your present address. All information provided. Send for FREE FOLDER to CHAS. HAND, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Mention "J.B." and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE BEST KNOWN MAKERS

FROM 1/- WEEKLY

£5.5 MODEL FOR 47/6

"BUY AN ACCORDION BY A FAMED MAKER." BONELLI, STELDENI, VISSIMIO, PANCOTTI, HOHNER, CRUCIANELLI, PAOLO SOPRANI, ETC., ETC. USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Here We Offer A Very Wonderful Bargain

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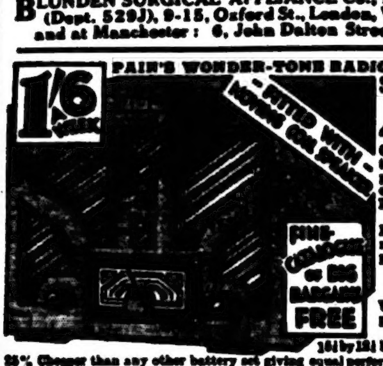
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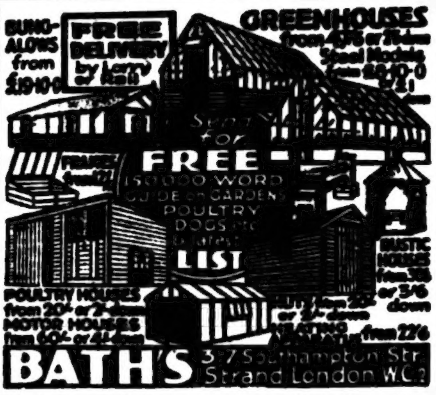
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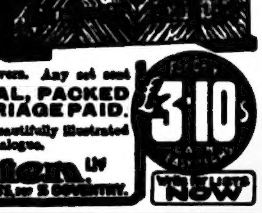

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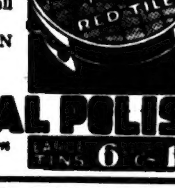

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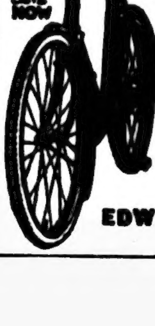

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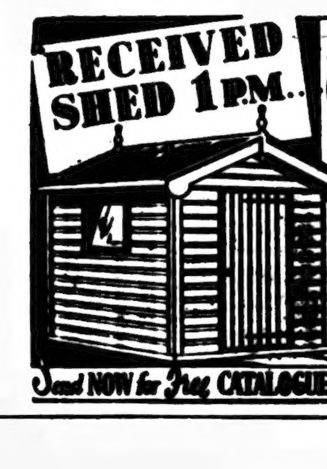
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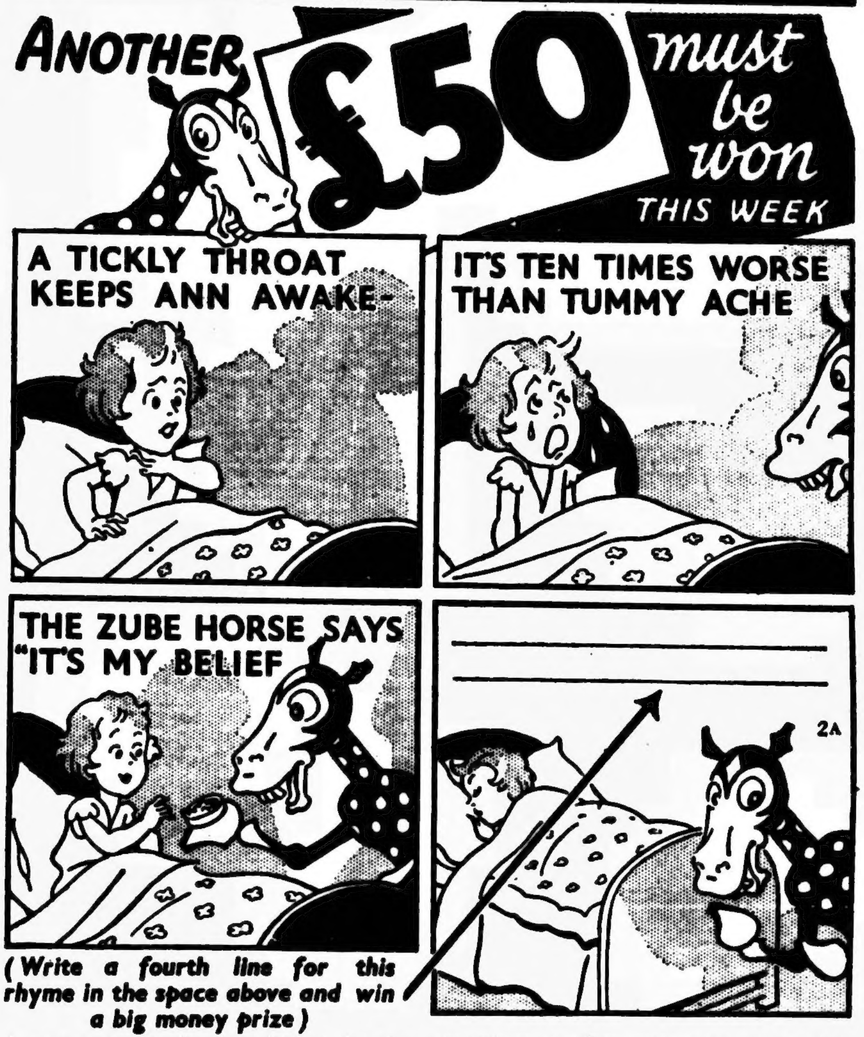
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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (520G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and certain. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.23) 40, Lamb's Conduit St., WC1.

PSORIASIS ECZEMA ended while you sleep. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE BOOKLET.—RIDALEX, LTD., J Lytham Road, Blackpool.

BRONCHIAL Tubes Chest, Lungs. Send for free samp. Jowett's Wonder HERBAL BEANS mean easy breathing. Large box 1/3 post free. —JOWETT'S Health Stores, MORECAMBE.

ADVICE to those Ruptured. Experience real comfort and relief by wearing the new Blunden Appliance. Prove its worth by testing it before you pay! See advt. of Blunden Surgical Appliance Co. on page 4.

FREE sample of **WINCARNIS,** the wonder tonic wine. Fill in coupon on p. 31 and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover cost of post and pkg.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet. See p. 32.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3d. WEEKLY for **LIMITED PERIOD** provides free cremation at any crematorium. Anxiety relieved. Complete details FREE from BCA Cremation Society, 23, Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

£25 FOR ONLY ONE LINE! £50 cash prizes in all! This is offered by the makers of Zubes in a quick and easy competition on this page.

FREE! Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, for a free booklet containing a selection of excellent recipes of inestimable value to housewives and cooks.

A 3-BOTTLE sample case of Mason's Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences will be sent in return for the coupon on page 33, together with 9d. in stamps.

FREE.—A generous sample of Casco, the new glue—sets chemically like cement. Simply send a p.c. to Leicester, Lovell & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 14/18, Nile-st., London, N.1.

A FREE offer to all who eat Quaker Oats. Cut out the Quaker figures from the front of two packets of Quaker Oats (or Quick Quaker), attach to and send with the special coupon on p. 27, when you will receive a free copy of a 128-p. book, "The Master Book of Detection and Disguise." Over 100 cash prizes are also offered to readers in this book, so get yours right away!

IF you'd like particulars of the £1,000 house prize offer and 1,169 other prizes in the Price's Mickey Mouse Night-Light Contest announced on page 28, write at once to Price's, Box No. 36, Sewell Rd., Battersea, S.W.11. Mention *John Bull* when writing. Hurry, for the closing date is Nov. 14.

ACCEPT this sample offer of Four Square Tobacco! You can obtain samples which include Empire Mixture, Cut Cake, Curlies, Original Mixture, etc., for only 1/-, if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing remittance, to Dept. J.B.13, Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland. See p. 37.

SHOP BY POST & SAVE MONEY — SEE JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" — PAGES 2, 3 & 4

NOT A DAY GOES BY BUT SOMEBODY IS BROUGHT TO THE OPERATING TABLE *through the dangers of* "DIRT"

Doctors and nurses see hundreds and hundreds of instances of the dreadful results of failing to guard against the dangers of dirt. Dirt is everywhere, and wherever there's dirt disease germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in lowered state of health.

WHEREVER THERE'S DIRT, DISEASE GERMS MAY BREED AND BRING THESE DANGERS

CUTS AND SCRATCHES CLEANSED WITH FAMILY HEALTH

"As a miner I am constantly receiving cuts and scratches, and I find a thorough cleansing with Family Health and these cuts never 'go the wrong way', that is fester and become poisonous."

Testimonial No. 7920

BAD LEG FOR YEARS

"All the bathing which I have done for years did not do it the good as since I have used your Family Health Soap."

Testimonial No. 8543.

"SIMPLY WASHED REGULARLY WITH YOUR SOAP"

"A few years ago one of the lads had an accident, caused through some bricks falling on his leg. He had a nasty gash. It was simply washed regularly with your soap and in a very short time it healed."

Testimonial No. 6826.

DOCTORS SAY—

"DO AWAY WITH DIRT and BE SAFE"

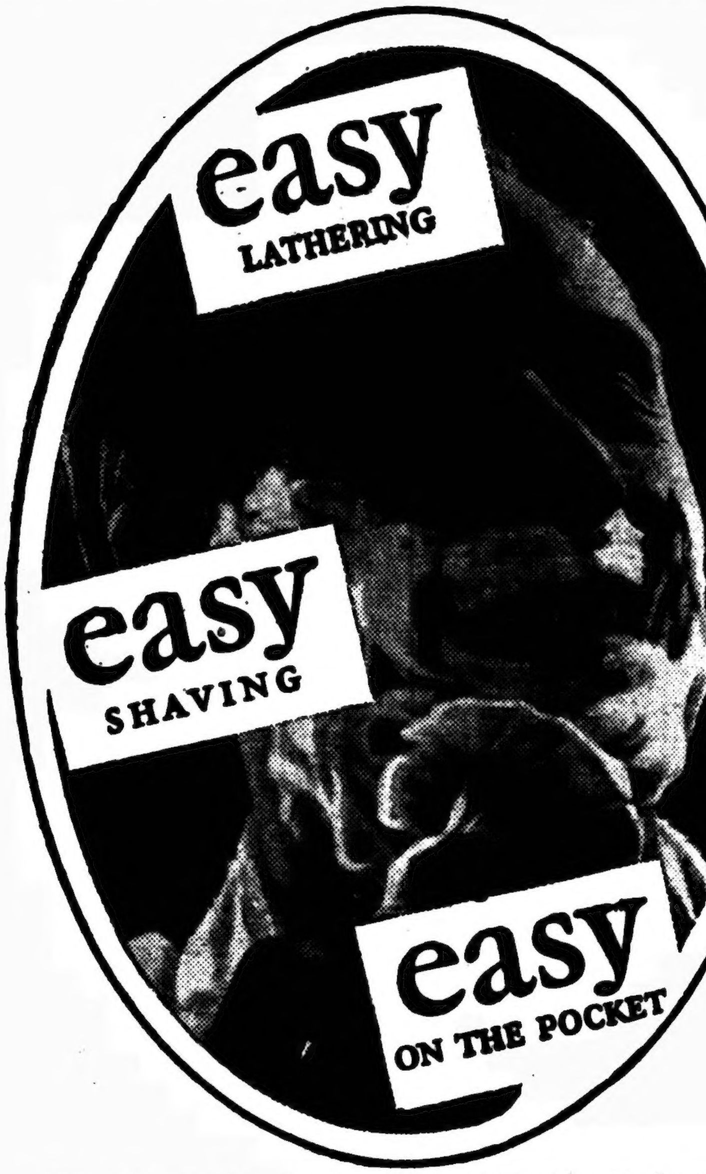
These stories prove that you are running terrible risks—and allowing others in your home to run them too—if you don't make a habit of washing with Family Health. Family Health is a perfect safeguard; it takes right out of existence the dirt which breeds disease germs.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP PROTECTS AGAINST THE DANGERS OF DIRT INFECTION

2½d.
PER TABLET
TWO TABLET CARTON 5d
ALSO OVERSIZE TABLET 3d
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 4A-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.15.



Easy right enough! An Easy Shaving Stick gives you the smoothest, quickest shave you've ever had—helps the razor blade to cut better, stay keen longer. You'll enjoy shaving with the creamy, long-lasting lather of Lever's Easy . . . you'll like the way it tones up your skin, makes it feel so fine and fresh. And Lever's Easy is economical . . . a perfect shave *every day for over a hundred days* for only 6d. Ask your wife to put an Easy Shaving Stick on the shopping list.

LEVER'S Easy SHAVING STICK

OVER 100 SHAVES FOR 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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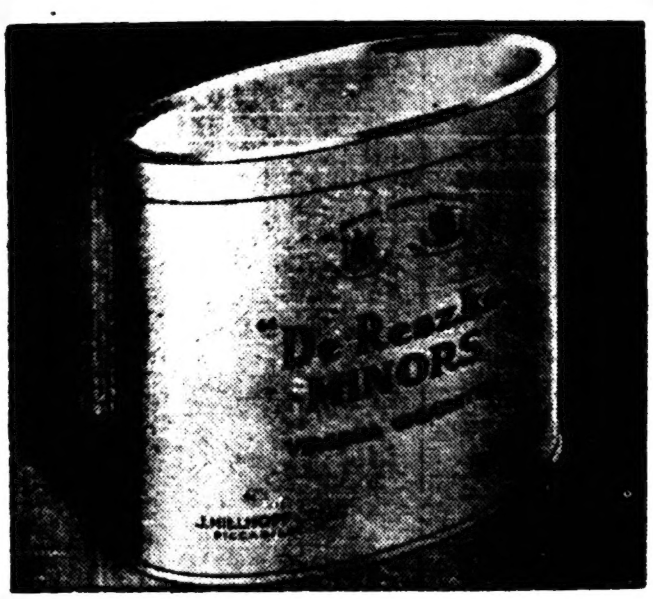

Its beauty is more than tin deep

The 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

* * *

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday,
October 31, 1936. Twopence.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

• FROM OUR READERS

• *To Our Readers . .*

To the hundreds of readers who have written congratulating us on the new "John Bull" we offer our sincerest thanks.

The old readers we thank for their staunch allegiance; the new ones for fresh support in the fight against intolerance and hypocrisy which "John Bull" ceaselessly wages.

We should not be such a power in the land or achieve so much, were we not backed by a great body of public opinion such as is represented by "John Bull's" vast circulation.

The bigger we are, the more powerful we are. And, don't forget, so are you!

The Editor.

FOUR weeks ago, on my twentieth birthday, I presented my husband with our first baby, a boy.

I have been brought up in a generation which sees no wrong in women smoking. My anguish is now terrible, because the doctor has ordered that another woman shall nurse my son. If I nurse him, he says, there is grave danger of transmitting nicotine poisoning.—Mrs. S. B., St. Helens Road, Swansea.

Two Harley Street obstetricians and a Ministry of Health doctor to whom this letter was shown, all agree that, even in the case of a mother smoking excessively, there is no evidence that such danger exists.

No Vote, No Grouse

WE are on the eve of the borough municipal elections again. This time I shall not vote.

My reason is solely that the best types of men and women are not available as candidates. In these circumstances, all big questions of important civic policy or great financial expenditure should be decided by a plebiscite of the citizens.—Miss M. Atkinson, Westcliff-on-Sea.

If you withold your vote, it must be expected that no grouses will be heard from you.

Land Lament

THE moans about the decrepit condition of agriculture seem absurd to those who travel the country.

They see everywhere vast areas of land made deliberately barren and in them the explanation of our immense imports of foodstuffs.

Most of the acreage was in profitable use in wartime, but is now sterile because it is owned by easy-going people who made money elsewhere.—J. J. Moran, King Street, Aberdeen.

A time there was, ere England's
griefs began,
When every rood of ground
maintained its man.

No Slum Snobbery

IN two suburbs of this city hundreds of former slum-dwellers have been housed. Without snobbery, they do not make satisfactory neighbours.

Neither are they happy on suburban estates. The youngsters get into mischief from boredom; their elders miss the city lights, shops, cheap cinemas and dance halls; and the men are forlorn without their taverns.

Is it the general experience that people from slum areas soon make their new surroundings a slumdom?—Mrs. Webber, Sefton Park, Bristol, 7.

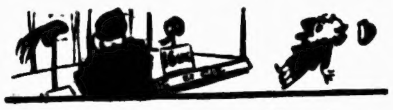
Ministry of Health informs us that its investigators are unanimous that ex-slum families do not lower but improve the amenities of their new homes.

Rent Reform Needed

IT is astounding that landlords should still have power, without going to the courts, to seize and sell the contents of their tenants' homes for arrears of rent.

When rent is owing, property owners should be in no more favourable position than other creditors, and their tenants be allowed to ask the court for time to meet their obligations.—A. Round, Walton Hills, Romsley.

A relic of Tudor times. The common law is loaded against the tenant. Reform will only be achieved by sensible use of the ballot box.



Price on Her Head

ON a visit to London, I felt aghast when I saw in a shop window the tiniest, fur-trimmed woman's peaked hat priced at sixteen guineas.

A good fur coat, I believe, warrants its price by material and the amount of work it entails. But sixteen guineas for a few inches of hat! I was dumbfounded.—Mrs. Leakey, Hazel Bank, Malvern Wells, Worcs.

Unemployment

EVERY time I examine the unemployment figures they seem to shout their own solution of the problem they represent.

Over a period there are, approximately, one million unemployed to eleven million employed. No man or woman need be idle, therefore, if all were given one month's holiday with pay every twelve months and their places filled from the ranks of the unemployed.—Statist, Woodthorpe, Notts.

Nine per cent would be added to industry's wages bill without the workers getting a real wages increase.

Help Waiting

DIPHTHERIA has lately been taking heavy toll of young life in this town and elsewhere.

Yet many children have escaped altogether or very lightly because their parents have had recourse to a protective system about which most people still seem to be unaware. Could John Bull give the public particulars?—Derweash, Shipley, W Yorks.

Diphtheria immunisation has been a tremendous success in Britain and America. Health authorities of every town are only too anxious to provide the three injections free.

Money Tiarks

DAILY we read of great landowners selling their estates as they retreat before the urban house-builder.

Now Mr. F. C. Tiarks, a Bank of England director, has had to dispose of his beautiful place at Chislehurst, Kent, to permit of London's rapid expansion.

I am not a reactionary, but I do feel that the crowding out of members of the landed gentry is not of social profit. —Vincent Paule, Orpington, Kent.

Why are you worrying? Mr. Tiarks isn't. He is getting the extraordinary price of £1,000 an acre.

Postal Puzzle

IN the demolition of a disused post-box, letters posted in 1926 have been found. These have been forwarded by the G.P.O. to the persons to whom they were addressed.

I think the missives should have been destroyed. The writers might now regret what they put on paper ten years ago.—J. H. Budd, Hastings.

The duty of the Post Office is to deliver. Letters likely to cause hurt should be slept on; but if then posted, the senders ought to be ready to face their conscience at any time.

Fledglings

SCHOOL work is now being frequently interrupted for what are called "air weeks" to make our children air-minded.

Private flying companies make the arrangements, but teachers seem to believe it is an Air Ministry plan.

Daily, hour after hour, masses of boys and girls are conveyed to the aerodromes at parents' expense and given flights of five minutes at five shillings per head. The hardship on homes with several children is severe.—Mrs. E. M. W., Forest Hill, S.E.

Blatant commercial exploitation. Proportionately, it's dearer than travel by luxury air-liners.

In the Dark

WHY are telephone kiosks provided only for use in daylight?

Outside or in the suburbs of towns they are mostly situated in isolated spots where at night there is no reflected light. As there is no lighting in the boxes, the caller has to strike matches to search the directory and for dialling, causing grave delay in emergency.—"User," Clydach Vale, Rhondda.

Telephone Controller recommends that, until all kiosks are wired for lighting, callers should always ask the operator for help in emergency.

Overcharged

"A FEW ounces over, madam. That will be 1s. 10d."

How many thousands of housewives have something like that said to them every time they visit the butcher's shop? He cuts off more than is ordered, and the customer's powers of arithmetic are not quick enough to check the extra price demanded.

When the meat is weighed at home and the sum worked out she finds too often that there has been a big overcharge.—Mrs. Lumley, Manchester.

A tradesman will respect you more and be more cautious if you take time to check up on the spot. Also, you can insist on exact weight.

Startling

NOTHING that comes over the radio is more startling than the warnings which have to be so frequently given regarding the theft of cases of poisonous drugs from doctors' motor-cars.

If medical men cannot carry receptacles of drugs when leaving their cars, they should be compelled to keep them locked up in a compartment inside.—T. W. Hill, Great Horton, Bradford.

Scores of representations have been made to the Home Office regarding this danger, but nothing is done.

Honours Uneven

I AM secretary of a firm which provides more clerical employment than any other in Lancashire, and the managing director of which insists that every applicant for a post must have passed the matriculation examination.

At a dinner-table talk with him last night, I found that he has not even the vaguest notion of matriculation standards.—F.C.I.S., South Shore, Blackpool.

Countless young careers are still blighted by insistence on academic qualifications which are not even understood by those who demand them.

Write to John Bull About It —

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

NOTHING is impossible. That sounds a tall order, but it isn't. If we are confronted with something that seems impossible of accomplishment, we have no business to say it can't be done.

True, we may not be able to do it: but that is only because we have not the necessary knowledge to show us how. The more knowledge we gain the more things become possible.

Knowledge and possibility are twins. They grow up together. If you take away knowledge, possibility becomes impossibility. It sounds like a crazy riddle—but it's true.

We can never have too much knowledge. The old tag that "knowledge is power" is true only in the sense that knowledge gives us the power to achieve. An ignorant man is a helpless man. He can't do things because he doesn't know how.

But don't run away with the idea that the mere accumulation of knowledge is power. Don't deceive yourself into believing that the mere acquisition of knowledge enables you to do. You have also to be able to think, to be able to apply whatever knowledge you have. And that's hard work—darned hard work. "Thinking is the hardest work anyone can do," said someone, "which is probably the reason why we have so few thinkers!"

You see the trouble is that no one can teach you what's going to happen next. You can't learn anywhere what to-morrow will be like. You can only learn what yesterday was like, what to-day is like. It's the ability to apply that knowledge to whatever may turn up to-morrow that distinguishes the man who thinks from the man who can't.

You can put it very simply and say that many a "learned" man is useless and many an "ignorant" man is very useful. Knowledge clearly is not everything.

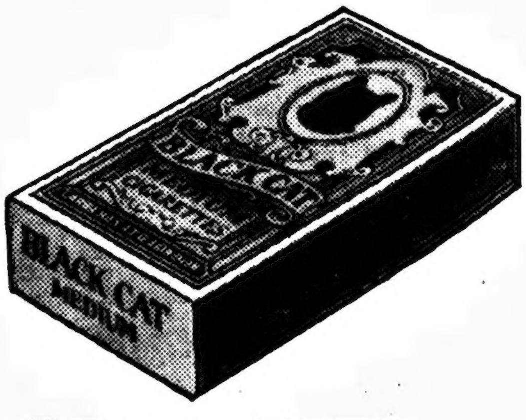
But it is the essential foundation of all power. And the ability to think and use knowledge is the key to the use of that power.

I score a 'Bulls-eye' every time

"Throughout the thirty long years of my experience, I have always succeeded in my aim . . . to give the smoking public satisfaction and the best value-for-money obtainable. Today I'm still hitting the mark, witness my 10 for 4d. cigarette which I justly claim possesses better flavour, is better filled and which will give supreme satisfaction and enjoyment.

Sincerely I ask you to test my statements . . .

BUY & ENJOY A PACKET TODAY!"



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MEDIUM CIGARETTES

4d. *buys* 10

Also in
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Packets of
5 for 2d.

B.C.30

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Lord SWINTON MUST GO!

Lord Swinton inspects an aero engine. It would be better for us all if he stopped doing so

WE are over the first shock of the dramatic controversy between Lord Nuffield and Lord Swinton, Air Minister, a controversy which has created a political bombshell as great as **this country has known for many** years.

Out of **the welter of controversy two facts** are clear:—

First: **there must be a thorough and** immediate **investigation into the whole** organisation **of the Air Ministry, whose** chaotic **methods John Bull months ago** denounced, **and Lord Nuffield now has** exposed.

Second: **the continuance of Lord Swinton** as Air **Minister is utterly impossible unless** he can **explain the extraordinary muddle** which has **characterised the conduct of the** Department **during his term of stewardship.** Such an **explanation at the moment seems** impossible.

* * *

ACTUALLY Lord Swinton appears to have done **this country a grave disservice,** and **Lord Nuffield a public service.**

It **needed courage to issue a statement** such as **that in which Lord Nuffield explained** his unhappy **relations with the Air Ministry.** But good **will come from the making public** of this **hidden drama. The country will be** the better **for its ventilation.**

Let **us say at once that in the almost** incredible **history of this dispute Lord Swinton** is not **alone to blame; for the Air Ministers** who preceded **him in office are not absolved** from all **responsibility.**

But **the charge against Lord Swinton is** particularly **serious because he holds the** office **of Air Minister at the most critical** period **in the history of the Department, when** the whole **resources of the country are supposed** to **be engaged in a vast defence plan** unprecedented **in our peace-time annals.**

And **the charge against him is doubly** serious **because it does not end with the** criticisms **made by Lord Nuffield.**

* * *

THERE is much more about the recent air defence policy of the country which demands serious investigation, and for which **Lord Swinton, directly or indirectly,** must **be held responsible.**

He is in charge of a Department for which the taxpayer **pays £40,000,000 a year. When** evidence **grows that some of those millions are** being **little more than wasted, the most** generous **public will demand explanation.**

And evidence is growing. First, there is the evidence **of the excessive profits which** some **of the less scrupulous sections of the** aircraft **industry have been allowed to make out of a national crisis. Lord Swinton's attitude to this needs explanation. He has pooh-poohed even the wholly legitimate enquiries of M.P.s about this profiteering.**

He has found cause for satisfaction in the fact that four no doubt eminently respectable gentlemen—Lord Weir, Sir Hardman Lever, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper and Mr. H. G. Judd—have " most public spiritedly " come forward to give him the benefit of their advice on the prices to be paid for aircraft.

But to all suggestions that these men should be given very necessary terms of reference he has turned a deaf ear, saying that laying down instructions might limit their " wide sphere of usefulness." He has even refused to admit the precedent of the war-time Munitions Amendment Act, passed to endow price-fixing committees with adequate powers in order to save the country scandalous waste.

And as Lord Swinton has hedged, the profiteering has gone on.

There is just as reliable evidence that during the Air Minister's term of stewardship we have been wasting good money on the production of bad 'planes; 'planes built to designs ten years old, with cruising speeds of less than 100 m.p.h., and single engines, a minute mechanical fault in which might cause disastrous results.

* * *

THESE machines are out-dated, old-fashioned, useless in modern aerial warfare, of dangerously inferior range and power.

They have been built merely for " window-dressing " purposes: to add to the numerical strength of our Air Force.

Is this Lord Swinton's idea of what he has called " broadening the basis of production "?

Again, there is ample evidence of extraordinary delays in the Air Ministry while efforts have been made to get some order from the confusion that has obviously existed.

Some producers, for example, have had to wait more than a year between the placing of orders and the fixing of contract details . . . a delay costly to the State, irritating to the manufacturer, and inevitably weakening the position of the Ministry in ensuring reasonable conditions.

This delay might have been excused if there had been ultimately some show of satisfactory results; but the results have only been satisfactory from the aircraft manufacturers' point of view. The vacillating policy has played into the hands of those who mean to get every pound of profit that they can from the nation's arms expansion.

But all these criticisms pale into comparative insignificance beside the accusations implicit in Lord Nuffield's dramatic statement.

* * *

GAMBLERS have been making big profits from speculation in aircraft shares; some aircraft manufacturers have been busily feathering their own nests at the taxpayers' expense; useless machines have been turned out by the thousand.

And while all this has been going on, the Air Minister has calmly turned down the country's largest manufacturer of internal combustion engines—after he had spent £500,000 of his personal funds in experimental work to aid the country.

As much as any man in this country, Lord Nuffield understands the business of producing engines—yet his offer to manufacture for the nation at his own expense is casually refused.

There may have been some point of technical disagreement between Lord Nuffield and the Air Ministry experts. His aero engines (though they could hardly have been inferior to those ten-year-old models we are still producing) might not have conformed to certain Departmental standards.

But, even so, the Minister's public duty was to make some effort to find a basis of agreement and not casually to refuse all efforts of assistance in the astonishing manner Lord Nuffield has described.

Naturally the matter will be debated in Parliament. When this happens we hope that, besides Lord Swinton's failure at his post, the question of public control of the whole armaments industry will be properly discussed.

This is the only common-sense solution for a situation which gives rise to such disgraceful situations as the present. Perhaps it is hard to define just what is an " armament " and what is not to-day. But engines for military aircraft are certainly " engines of destruction."

Straight From the Shoulder

BALDWIN ASKING FOR A RISE

Hitler Doesn't Love Musso—Jailing Children—Sea Slums to Sink

A BILL to increase Cabinet Ministers' salaries all round will be introduced in the House of Commons during the forthcoming Parliamentary session.

If this Bill passes, the Prime Minister, in future, will receive £8,000 a year instead of £5,000 as at present.

Poorer, Not Wiser

This rise is being given because for many years all Prime Ministers have gone out of office poorer men owing to the heavy personal expenditure attached to the post, which is far in excess of the salary.

Five other Ministers will jump from £2,000 to £5,000. They will be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (Lord President of the Council), Mr. Oliver Stanley (Education Minister), Lord Halifax (Lord Privy Seal), Mr. Walter Elliot (Agriculture), and Lord Stanhope (First Commissioner of Works).

Ministers already receiving £5,000 will remain unchanged.

More For Leslie

Some Ministers at present outside the Cabinet will go up to £3,000, including Mr. Hore-Belisha. But when he goes into the Cabinet it will be on the £5,000 level

The Lord Chancellor's £10,000 a year will go on as usual.

A novel suggestion, still being discussed, is that the Leader of the Opposition should receive a salary of £2,000 or £3,000 a year. He at least deserves it, if the others don't.

Simon Goes Wrong

Magistrates meet to discuss Sir John Simon's plan to stamp out bogus clubs. They should damn it, not discuss it.

For it will bring working-men's clubs and other reputable institutes—with their four million members—under direct police supervision.

Give the job to the local authorities, with power to refuse registration to "dud" clubs, and all will be well.

Neville And The Baby

Neville Chamberlain is on the Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child. But he lets the child pay.

For the first six months of unemployment a father gets an allowance for an illegitimate child. When he comes under the Means Test the allowance is stopped.

Can no one persuade Neville that starvation is too big a punishment to visit on children for their parents'—indiscretion?

Jail For The Young

Let us put an end to the imprisonment of children.

Latest figures show that 1,894 boys and 128 girls under twenty-one were jailed in a year. Nearly half of them had no previous convictions. Most of them were guilty of only petty offences!

Blame for this monstrous harshness lies with the J.P.s who insist that a boy thrown into the company of hardened criminals is more likely to reform than if he is placed on probation.

Sir John Simon, instead of blessing all J.P.s, should banish these dangerous dunderheads.

Dictators Differ

There will be no Italo-German alliance. Hitler distrusts Mussolini—and the German generals have not forgotten that Italy deserted Germany in the war. The Italian dictator despises Hitler and thinks him just a copy-cat.

Both dictators are busy putting up a facade of friendliness to scare the rest of Europe. But each means to swallow up Austria.

So long as Austria remains independent, Hitler and Mussolini—for all the medals they give each other—must remain hostile at heart.

Just Barnacled

The Mercantile Marine continues to collect more barnacles than glory.

More than 20,000 seamen who called at Cardiff last year in British ships had to put up with verminous and unhealthy quarters, declares the port's medical officer

Of 1,661 vessels inspected, 1,085 were insanitary, which helps to explain the high disease rate among seamen.

Pity the slum ship is too petty a problem for the august minds of the Board of Trade!

As It Should Be

"You ought to be in the dock," a Birmingham magistrate tells a wireless dealer who pays one of his engineers 30s. a week.

A lot more folk would be in the dock if our laws were wiser—the share-pusher, the quack, the professional bankrupt, the charity-monger.

But by all means let's begin with the slave-driving employer.

Exit The Lodgers

"Lodgers must go" is Sir Kingsley Wood's new resolve.

He reminds local councils that overcrowding is often caused by families taking in boarders, and that if the boarders are turned out the remaining accommodation will be adequate for the families.

True. But he ought to tell us *where* the lodgers are to go.

Butchery

Export of horses for butchery and worse still goes on. Quarter of a million of them have left our ports since the war.

Each year thousands are sent to Continental abattoirs, many more to be overworked until they die.

BIG CITY LOAN PLOT

THE world will soon be startled by an audacious plan, now being worked out in London and New York, for a huge new loan—for Germany!

International financiers believe they'll be able to win official approval. But they reckon without the People.

Neither the British nor American public is willing to see vast credits handed over to the country which has done so much to create the armaments race and handed over for the purchase of more war materials.

Hitler may promise to use the loan for commercial purposes.

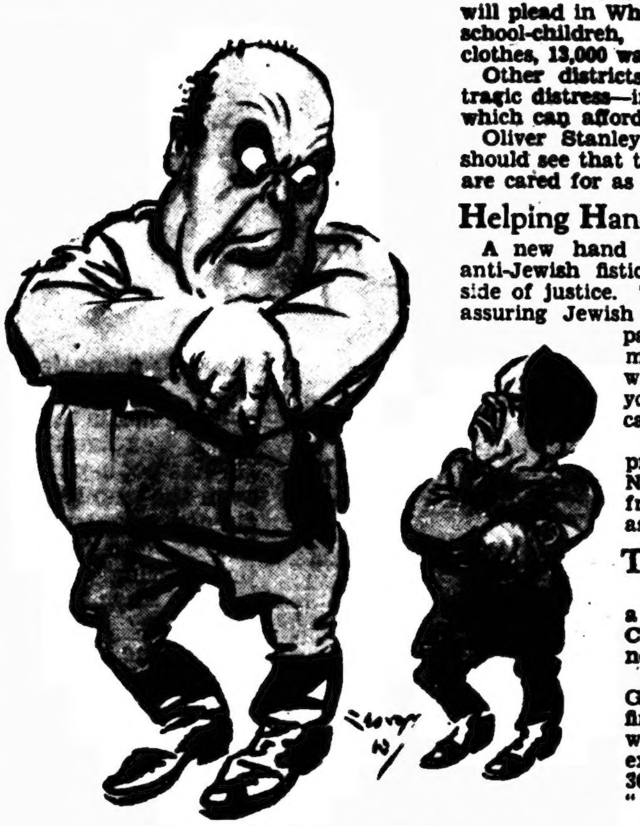
But if he buys wool for the German worker it will find its way into uniforms for the German soldier. If he buys iron and steel for the constructional engineering industry it will end in the munitions factory.

And if Germany wants to raise her standard of living, she can do so, spending less on standards of death.

Financiers will excuse the loan by arguing that it must lead to an accord between British, French, U.S.A. and German Governments.

Ultimately, they hope, France will be persuaded to end her alliance with Russia, and Hitler, they say, will be satisfied.

He won't be satisfied. Dictators never are.



Hitler distrusts Musso—and Musso thinks Hitler just a copy-cat

Yet 380 M.P.s are pledged to support a Bill to stop this infamous trade.

Ten Years' Wait

For ten years that Bill has been awaiting a hearing. Its champion, Henderson Stewart (M.P. for East Fife), still has hopes.

But the Ministry of Agriculture, with the senseless obstinacy so common in Whitehall, opposes it.

If Walter Elliot wants a little holiday from his Ministerial duties, we advise him to tour the slaughter-houses of Rotterdam, Brussels, Charleroi and Paris.

Talkie Ordeals

'Ware the talkie tests for drunken drivers.

In future, the police surgeon will make the motorist carry out the usual tests, the scene will be filmed, and the film shown to the Bench.

If the ordeal of facing the arc lamp scares the driver, so that he stutters when he tries to say "British Constitution" and spell "parallelepipedon," will it make the tests any more reliable than they are at present?

Desperate Straits

Pitiful stories of teachers without work or hope reach the Unemployed Schoolmasters Group.

The Group complains that too many students are being trained, with the result that there are not enough jobs to go round.

Real point is that teachers in countless schools are having to take classes of fifty or sixty pupils, thus reducing the number of jobs available in the sacred interests of Economy.

Prices Soar

First bad effects of the arms drive are already being felt. For example, the biggest slum clearance scheme in the provinces (at Leeds) is held up because of dearer building costs.

And these costs are soaring largely because so much material is needed for the arms programme.

Fools in high places who suggest that this programme will hasten prosperity's return have yet to realise it will delay social reforms.

Cry Of The Young

The cry of the children will soon be heard in official dugouts. A deputation will plead in Whitehall for Glamorgan's school-children, 9,000 of whom need clothes, 13,000 want boots.

Other districts can reveal the same tragic distress—intolerable in a country which can afford so much luxury.

Oliver Stanley, Education's Minister, should see that the bodies of youngsters are cared for as well as their minds.

Helping Hand

A new hand is being taken in the anti-Jewish fisticuffs—a hand on the side of justice. The Free Churches are assuring Jewish leaders of their sympathy and good will; a multitude of pamphlets will soon be sent to young Methodists, deprecating racial hatred.

Welcome proof, if proof be needed, that Nonconformity's love of freedom is not so dead as it sometimes seems.

Takes Cream Off

Milk must maintain a minimum standard. Cheese and cream need not.

So we don't wonder the Government chemist finds 27 to 66 per cent. water in the cheeses he examines and only 19 to 30 per cent. fat in "thick cream."

We do wonder why the Ministry of Health tolerates these swindles.

Riches For Some

Coal for which you pay 50s. a ton is offered direct by colliery companies (to people who can afford to buy truckloads) at 33s.

It is delivered to the nearest station. Carting costs an extra 4s.

Even allowing for the expense of selling in small quantities, some middlemen must be turning "black diamonds" into real ones.

Petticoat Police

How our burglars and car bandits must guffaw! The Chief Constable of Stoke-on-Trent reports that two of his recruits, sent to Birmingham Police School for training, were told to scrub floors. So they resigned.

Maybe if some police chiefs had their way we might see constables armed with feather dusters instead of truncheons.

Getting Younger

Justice will show more breadth of vision in her dealings if every town follows Sunderland's example.

Average age of the new panel of magistrates there is 54; six of the nine men are in their forties.

The bath-chair beaks—dodderers in the eighties and nineties—have pecked the young for far too long.

Rev. P. C. Marr

The article in our issue of July 18 last regarding the case of the Rev. P. C. Marr was published on the representations of the Marr Liberation Committee as a matter of public concern.

For the same reason we felt bound to publish the subsequent article in our issue of August 1, at the request of the solicitors acting for the relatives of the late Mr. Dalgleish.

Following the latter article we received a communication from Messrs. Auld and Macdonald, solicitors, disputing certain statements affecting the Rev. P. C. Marr—in particular a statement as to Crown evidence—and informing us that no Crown evidence was led dealing with the facts of the case.

We regret if the publication of these sentiments referred to has given cause for complaint.

Mystery Minister's War SECRETS

Inskip guards his secrets closely. Here many of them are revealed for the first time

IT might be a scene from a spy story; but it isn't.

It might be out of a "thriller"; but it isn't. It is Big Business—Big Business handling the biggest business of all.

Anyhow, there it lies—a lonely waste, secret behind its fences of barbed wire. Many square miles of desolation from which the grey tossing sea can be seen in the distance. Miles of desolation pitted with great craters that could swallow a furniture van.

Desolation made yet more desolate by charred ruins of buildings blasted by incendiary bombs, by swollen carcases of animals stricken by deadly fumes of gas bombs. And above the desolation the heart-shaking drone of a great plane that preludes the fall of something out of the sky—something that sings of death as it falls, and crashes, and sets air and earth reeling with the impact.

A John Bull representative has seen that garden of destruction. He was taken there under official auspices. From a Midland city. Travelling eastwards. In a closely curtained motor-car. That's how secret it is!

It is the testing ground where the newest of our ministries passes judgment on and samples the commodities in which it deals—the munitions of war. Death.

* * *

For the threads run from that secret-guarded waste through a dozen cities and a hundred factories, and are gathered up in one of those Georgian houses that look primly on the world from Whitehall Gardens.

Gathered up into the strong hands of a man who looks rather like ex-President Hoover. Who looks a tough customer. Who is a tough customer. Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., Minister for the Co-ordination of National Defence, the genius who presides behind that garden of experimental death.

A lot of people said Sir Thomas wouldn't be any good when he was appointed six months ago. Thought, because he had not been a spectacular politician or lawyer, that he might not have the drive to make a success of what amounts to a Ministry of Munitions—to fight haphazard methods and red tape inside the three defence services, and out. Well, they have been proved wrong.

This Low Church K.C. has proved himself a hard-headed business man. Very hard-headed, say some of those who have had to deal with him! With a memory like a filing cabinet. And surprisingly rough-tongued when occasion demands! Which, of course, is as it should be.

At any rate, in six months the munitions position has been transformed—a hideous commentary on the Government view of the international situation!—works that have slumbered for years have suddenly sprung to violent activity. Especially in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Coventry and Sheffield. Skilled workers, who were wearing out shoe leather looking for jobs, are back at the lathe and press—as they were twenty years ago. New factories are springing up.

Usually when a Government wants something in a hurry it has had to pay more for it. Lots more. Has had to pay for it through the nose, in fact. But they say that Sir Thomas didn't see why this should be—a business head, you perceive!—and so it is claimed that he has even succeeded in keeping prices down.

He is not merely piling up munitions; he is piling up the raw materials for them. Vast quantities of projectiles. Vast quantities of partly completed missiles. Vast quantities of chemicals and other raw material—reserves far exceeding the amount ordinarily held for commercial purposes, and representing an immense capital outlay by the firms holding them, on which the State has to bear the interest charges.

In short—vast quantities of potential death; vast quantities of destruction in embryo. Piles of steel and brass and chemicals and machinery that spell ruin to great cities and industries, the wreckage of human lives, the dolour of nations. Hideous. Necessary. Businesslike!

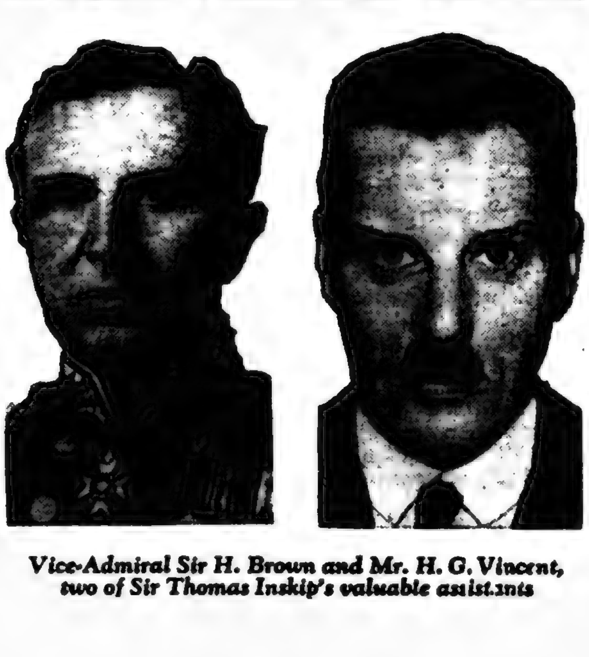
It likes experiments, too, this new Ministry. New things. There is, for example, a new light steel from which great things are expected. A steel that sings "*Pin-ng*" when you strike it where other steels sing "Bon-ng!"

* * *

Nor will there be a chaotic interregnum if ever the machinery for the manufacture and distribution of munitions has to be put on a war footing.

That modest staff in the prim house in Whitehall Gardens has been patterned for expansion into the immense co-ordinating organisation that a war would demand. Without ballyhoo.

So, too, the whole munitions industry. Plans are made, docketed, ready by which at the touching of a button the vast and intricate business of munition making can be placed on a war footing. By which the shadow of a terrific industry—and, let us be frank, a horrible industry!—will become the substance. A census has been taken of firms that can switch over from making something harmless for the kitchen to something deadly for the gun. A census of lathes and presses and machine tools in use by firms not engaged in turning out war supplies. A census of pattern makers and other key men—so that if a war broke out they would be used to the nation's better advantage at the bench, instead of the trench.



Vice-Admiral Sir H. Brown and Mr. H. G. Vincent, two of Sir Thomas Inskip's valuable assistants

A patents pool, too! That is being arranged for. Which means that the firm with a secret process won't keep it to itself. Will pass it on to other manufacturers, who will make use of it under licence. Sheer common-sense—but which we have not always had in matters of State.

* * *

Unquestionably things have been done, are being done, will be done, in this business of supplying death on demand.

And it is when you examine that hand-picked staff over which Sir Thomas presides that you begin to understand why.

In some ways it is an odd staff—very odd! And upsetting to Whitehall sticklers. For instance, the remarkable fact that it is a sailor who represents Sir Thomas on the Army Council. And the equally remarkable fact, on the other hand, that the names of the representatives on the Air Council and Board of Admiralty are hush-hush.

That sailor is Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir H. Brown. One of the old school of naval officers, with a quarter-deck manner and an air of decision. He deals more especially with the questions of explosives and guns. Not merely theoretically. Practically. He is an expert. A real expert. The Contracts Department of the War Office will have to sit up and take notice when he speaks.

Then there is another man who is particularly valuable—on the old principle of setting a thief to catch a thief. In other words, there is nothing like having a former Treasury official on your staff, to deal with the subterfuges to which the Treasury resort when it wants to thwart what it considers unnecessary expenditure. And the Treasury is as full of subterfuge as a monkey is full of fleas.

Well, Mr. H. G. Vincent is the thief-catcher, although he would probably rather be given his official style—Principal Assistant Secretary.

* * *

If Admiral Brown looks the typical naval officer, Mr. Vincent looks the typical dapper civil servant. You couldn't tell from his appearance that he was a remarkable mathematician. He deals with finance and the Cabinet. Knows the little habits which Treasury officials have of trying to frighten Ministers by producing statistics to prove that a thing cannot be done. Perhaps he may have done it himself when he joined the Treasury after the war? Knows, too, all the routine work of the Cabinet, because he was chief private secretary to the Prime Minister.

The new department has to deal not only with munitions and the money that buys them, but also with the men that turn them out. For—make no bones about it—the success of this Ministry with the long name largely depends on the loyal co-operation of the worker!

That is where the third man comes in. Mr. H. H. Sellar. Private secretary to Sir Thomas. He is in the early forties. Came from the Ministry of Labour, and is a first-rate man at handling difficult labour problems.

Four men in a prim house.

Quite ordinary-looking men in an ordinary-looking house.

Their job to supply potential death by the thousands of tons. To organise the mechanics of destruction to such perfection that it may never be called upon. Their work would not be necessary if Sir Thomas and his Cabinet colleagues had worked for peace as zealously as they now prepare against war. Yet, if such a job must be done, they are capable of doing it.

Exclusive Informations—Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

HOSPITAL IN QUEER STREET

Members of the staff barricading the hospital's doors to save its furniture from being seized by a hire-purchase firm

A "HOSPITAL" is in queer street——the National Hospital for Dentures, with headquarters at Hugh-street, Victoria, London, and branch institutions in seven provincial centres.

The finances of this rather curious hospital are in such a condition that attempts have been made to seize the furniture at the London clinic by the hire-purchase firm which supplied it.

Meanwhile, members of the staff are without the wages that are now due to them.

Efforts are being launched to save the National Hospital for Dentures. Appeals for funds have been issued.

From the evidence on the files of JOHN BULL, it is plain that the hospital is not one which merits any further support from the charitable public.

Methods adopted by the National Hospital for Dentures to secure funds are open to the strongest criticism. Hosts of collectors have been employed on a commission basis to go from house to house.

On occasions the collectors have represented that the hospital is "supported entirely by voluntary contributions," a statement which is untrue.

Other collectors, dressed in the white surgical coat of a doctor or dentist, have described themselves as "students of the hospital"—when there are no students.

At the outset, Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., was invited to act as the president of the hospital, but he resigned some months ago. Yet the latest printed literature sent out from the hospital still bears his name.

A scathing report on the hospital was made to the Executive Committee of the Dental Benefit Council—a Government appointed body which deals with matters relating to dental treatment of National Health Insurance patients.

Complaints against the National Hospital for Dentures were made by certain approved societies, and a Referee was appointed to investigate the matter.

Having heard all relative evidence, the Referee drafted his comments, which were adverse to the hospital.

* * *

The general finding was that "clear indication existed that when treatment is undertaken through this body it cannot be regarded as satisfactory either to the insured patient, the approved society or the dental profession."

Lately a scheme was floated for obtaining more money for the hospital by the sale of "Golden Voucher" tickets. The price of a ticket was twopence.

"Trust us," the public was told, "and at our discretion we will distribute Gifts of Money Every Week amounting to £50 or more."

A remarkable kind of gamble!

Activities of the National Hospital for Dentures have been widespread. Clinics were opened at: Birmingham, Southampton, Portsmouth, Brighton, Bournemouth, Manchester and Stoke-on-Trent.

Before the establishment of any branch there was intensive collection in the appropriate district.

Some of the financial troubles of the hospital are the outcome of an unsuccessful libel action brought by Mr. L. E. Canon and Mr. K. MacDonald, the secretary and treasurer, respectively, against the British Dental Association.

This action was dismissed with costs against the plaintiffs. The jury, making known its decision, added this significant rider:—

"We are unanimously of the opinion that while many poor and destitute persons have received benefit from the plaintiffs' organisation, we are not persuaded that the organisation is entirely a charitable one."

That, indeed, is a fitting epitaph to the hospital, which is now insolvent.

Four Crooks Bagged

FOUR tricksters whose activities have been exposed exclusively in these columns have met their just deserts in the courts within the past few days.

The first, Walter Ayriss, alias Harry Berry, has been sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months for bankruptcy offences, and he asked for two charges of fraudulent conversion to be taken into consideration.

One of his latest exploits was to pose as an agent appointed for the disposal of large Government stocks of armaments and munitions which were supposed to be lying at the Arsenal.

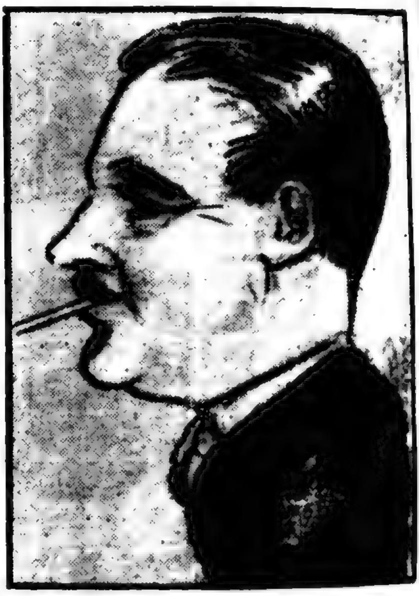
Ayriss talked easily of selling to foreign Powers and promised investors a profit of 100 per cent. in ninety days. He boasted of making a profit of £40,000 on one armament deal.

The second rogue in our bag this week is Roy Napier Dadson, an impostor who styled himself "Captain Napier."

We unmasked him in 1933 under the heading "A Handsome Six-Foot Scoundrel." He was then masquerading as the personal agent for a newspaper millionaire and succeeded in duping a number of people in Liverpool.

And he gained some kudos by pretending that his father was confidential adviser to Scotland Yard.

He has been to jail since then, but has still to learn his lesson, for now he has been sentenced again at Gloucester to three years' penal servitude for obtaining money by false pretences.



An artist's impression of Roy Napier Dadson

Two other lesser tricksters on our black list, Stephen Plane and Kathleen Martin, whose bogus charity activities in connection with the National Child and Destitute Help Society we recently exposed, have been sentenced at Sheffield to three months' and six weeks' hard labour respectively.

It is interesting to note that a Mr. Norman Bates, who figured in the society's literature as "organiser," resigned on September 3. He is to be congratulated for breaking away from this bogus charity game.

SOVEREIGNS for SALE TRICK

IN Cheshire a business man has been cleverly victimised by two tricksters who recently called upon him in the assumed names of "Worth" and "Taylor." Their visit was preceded by an ingenious telephone conversation which introduced the names of several local people known to the speculator.

The visitors produced for inspection a number of old sovereigns. Knowing their intended victim was a keen buyer of gold, they explained that they were in a position to let him have a couple of thousand if he would make a quick deal.

Various prices were mentioned, and, if the buyer would have the cash ready at a certain time, "Worth" and "Taylor" agreed to bring the sovereigns along.

The price arranged was £2,700 and a further appointment fixed. When this took place a carefully wrapped parcel was brought along to the office, but before it was opened the men stipulated that they wanted more money.

The victim had kept to his side of the bargain by having the money ready—all in notes. He was prepared to bargain, but the others said they had better leave the matter over for the moment as they had to rush off for another appointment. It was arranged to lock the money and the sovereigns in their attaché-case until they came back to renew negotiations.

They didn't come back. The carefully wrapped parcel, when the case was finally opened, contained bits of heavy brickstuff! The money had gone!

The dealer was astounded, naturally, for he had himself placed his money in a large envelope and put it in the case before the other men deposited their bag of sovereigns. When doing so, they cleverly abstracted his packet in a way that deceived the eye!

* * *

Clever, isn't it? Yet victims have been found in several provincial towns.

The swindlers, it is officially believed, are both of South African birth. They are well known in a variety of names to the police of two continents and have been involved in "confidence tricks" and other frauds in both South Africa and France.

NAMES FOR YOUR BLACK-LIST

"BLACK by name and black by nature" seems appropriately to sum up a cruel swindler now touring the country.

He recently visited a Blackburn grocer's shop as "Detective Inspector Black, of Scotland Yard," and asked to see the proprietress.

He said he was rounding up a gang of forgers who were circulating spurious banknotes, many of which had been traced to Blackburn.

He asked to inspect all notes in her possession, as the result of which he informed her that his suspicions were correct. There were forgeries among them and he must take them to the local police station for further scrutiny.

The shopkeeper was instructed to call at the local Chief Constable's office the next day.

When she did so she learned that "Inspector Black" was an impostor.

* * *

Describing himself modestly as the "Miracle Man from the North," one of the most blatant quacks, St. Clair Walker has been giving demonstrations of his healing powers at Battersea, London.

A woman in the crowd, whose husband was blind in one eye owing to a cataract, was impressed by this spell-binder's talk and asked him if he would visit her husband.

In the best professional manner, he explained that his fee was a guinea, which his trusting victims handed over.

First he gave the patient an aromatic preparation to smell which caused the eyes to water. Having pressed the ears and the neck, "to deaden the nerves." Walker massaged the patient's eye and declared that the "operation" was over.

Then he bandaged the patient's eye and gave strict instructions that the bandage was not to be removed until the following morning.

Next morning the patient hopefully removed the bandage, only to find that his cataract was still there. He had, in fact, to use his own words, been "swindled."

A promise to call again on a definite date has not been kept.

Mr. George Latham in South Africa after his shipboard ordeal

EMIGRANT'S TOO-WARM WELCOME

TO be locked in a saloon on board ship and treated as if he were a criminal has been the unfortunate experience of Mr. George Latham, of Chingford, Essex, a would-be emigrant to Rhodesia, South Africa.

He sailed for Capetown, from which port he intended to go to Salisbury, South Rhodesia.

But before booking his passage he made enquiries concerning the regulations, which are that emigrants must have a job to go to, or have sufficient money to maintain them for two years.

As he had been engaged to work on a tobacco farm he naturally thought that everything was in order.

* * *

But a shock was in store for him. At Capetown he was abruptly told that he could not land as he had only £50 in cash in his possession.

It was useless for him to protest that he had a job and a letter from his prospective employer to prove it. It was equally futile to protest that he was carrying securities worth £600.

Mr. Latham was detained pending enquiries, a queer way indeed of welcoming a newcomer to the country.

Worse still, an armed guard was placed at the door of a saloon, and it was not until Mr. Latham talked of applying for a writ of Habeas Corpus that the guard was removed.

But Mr. Latham was warned that he must not leave the ship and the guard was now posted at the gangway, where he remained all night.

Next day officialdom decided that the prisoner should be released and allowed to enter the country.

As if to add insult to injury, he was compelled to pay 13s. 6d. as the fee for the armed guard!

He did so under protest, and when he reached Salisbury to take up his new job he at once applied to the South African Government for the return of his money.

He was blandly informed that the shipping company had hired the guard, not the Government. In turn, the shipping company regretted that it could not refund the money.

After months of correspondence, however, the company weakened, and recently Mr. Latham secured a refund.

He has received no apology or compensation for the indignity of being kept a prisoner or for the inconvenience of his delayed landing.

Now he is back in England, having changed his mind about settling in sunny South Africa. Certainly this is not the best way of encouraging emigration.

Such a welcome on reaching a journey's end is just a little bit too warm to be pleasant.

Protheroe Plucks Poets

READERS should be on their guard against the misleading advertisements of the Oxford Art Agency, of Wind Street, Swansea, and Fleet Street, London, which is really the latest nom-de-plume of an individual called Glyn Protheroe.

Protheroe advertises in the "situations vacant" columns of certain newspapers, though he hasn't a job in the world to offer, and is bent upon snatching advance fees of £1 from anyone who will trust him.

His latest rôle is that of manager for cartoonists, and artists engaged in illustrating and showcard writing.

* * *

Among many who regret their dealings with him are readers scattered all over the country.

The recent experience of a man in Crewe who applied for an advertised "vacant situation" is typical.

Protheroe invited him to send some fashion drawings along and conveniently forgot all mention of the advertised job. The drawings were praised, and Protheroe offered to place a number of these at prices ranging from 3s. 6d. to 50s.

Our reader sent the stipulated advance fee of £1, and later despatched more of his artistic efforts. But he has received nothing from the Oxford Art Agency, and is still without the hoped-for work.

Glyn Protheroe

When trading as the "National Service Agency," Protheroe praised the work of poets without discrimination, while he passed them on with a view of fleecing them further.

'In-and-Out'

Finance Racket

ALL branch managers of the "Big Five" Banks have been provided with lengthy instructions from their London headquarters on the proper methods to employ to protect clients from shady "financiers."

This is opportune, for people in all parts of the country are being circularised by a concern called Wetnall, Jenkins and Co., Ltd., which, beginning in a small way about two years ago in Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, London, has lately moved into much more impressive headquarters in Bucklersbury, near by.

It talks loftily of the "collective system" of investments, under which a number of individuals combine or "pool" their funds "for investment under experienced management."

The company sets out to provide *any improved plan* "which will secure you larger profits and greater safety of capital," and has in some of its circulars talked of the ceaseless watch it maintains "on the markets every hour the Stock Exchange is open."

It is careful to omit, though, that the Stock Exchange Committee frowns upon the activities of all such concerns as Wetnall, Jenkins and Co., Ltd.!

As "Managers and Controllers of Redeemable Investment Pools," the "Premier Trades Share Pool," and "Proprietors of the *Stock Exchange Times*—Established 1886," it asks investors to subscribe "units of £10 and multiples thereof" to be used in what are called "in-and-out" operations in the shares of certain companies which are not specifically named.

Investors are asked to hand their money to Wetnall, Jenkins and Co., Ltd., for investment—at the company's "absolute discretion."

A list—in heavy print—is given of a hundred companies covering practically all Stock Exchange markets; but this means nothing.

The greater caution is necessary because the company makes its widespread appeal directly to small investors, often baiting its literature with tempting suggestions of profits of 56 per cent. per annum.

In the "Premier Trades Share Pool" literature large profits are to be made with greater safety "than could be obtained from individual operations" on "pool" investments covering a period of three months. And one is given to understand that on or before December 14 next the profits which accrue—if accrue they do!—will be shared among the company and its clients on a most generous scale.

For the clients will receive 90 per cent., while the modest 10 per cent. will be retained by the company for its services —*real* philanthropy if you like.

The *Stock Exchange Times*, which the company sends out gratuitously, claims to have been in existence since 1886, and "to have occupied an unique position among financial journals" for fifty years.

* * *

The truth is that it has served for years the interests of a large number of shady brokers, whose operations have, like those of Wetnall, Jenkins and Co., Ltd., constantly been denounced.

About four years ago the *Stock Exchange Times* retaliated by publishing a scurrilous libel against Sir Wyndham Childs.

A writ was immediately issued for libel, and judgment was obtained against the *Stock Exchange Times* with £5,000 damages and costs. No money was forthcoming, but the judgment completely vindicated Sir Wyndham, which was all he desired.

All investors should shun this enterprising company, with its suggestion of 56 per cent. profits and queer "in-and-out" operations!

£8 For A LIFE!

Mr. Thomas Batten

SEVENTY-eight-year-old Thomas Batten, of Newbury, Berkshire, was run down and killed one recent Sunday evening when on his way to preach at a local Methodist church.

The accident occurred in the village of Hampstead Norris and two motor-cyclists were involved, Philip Michael Slade, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and Cyril Hagger, of Sutton, Surrey.

Hagger came out of a side turning, and Slade was forced to swerve, so that, sixty yards farther on, he ran down both Thomas Batten and another pedestrian, though there was ample room to pass.

Thomas Batten died in hospital next day. The inquest was adjourned, and the police prosecuted both motor-cyclists for dangerous driving. Slade was fined £8, with £4 16s. costs, and disqualified from driving for two years; Hagger was fined £4, with £4 16s. costs, and disqualified for six months.

And here are five vital points that came out in the police court.

* * *

Slade ignored a warning notice to "Go Slow."

He had no driving licence.

He had no Road Fund licence.

He was on the wrong side of the road.

He was uninsured.

In these circumstances he seems very lucky indeed to have escaped with a modest fine.

The case is one, too, which shows that the Minister of Transport's recent condemnation of magistrates who deal too lightly with motoring offences is fully justified.

MORE SHARE SNARES

MESSRS. MACFARLANE, KING, MUTLOW AND CO., stock and share dealers, of Bilbao House, New Broad Street, London, are broadcasting circulars offering investors a different type of stock and share deal.

They are tipping East Rand Proprietary gold shares for a rise, and offer to "book these shares for you" if clients pay only 2s. 6d. a share. The shares are worth round about 70s.

Therefore, for £12 10s., they add, clients will control £350 worth of shares.

Then comes the novel feature of the offer, which makes Messrs. MacFarlane, King, Mutlow and Co. look like real public benefactors.

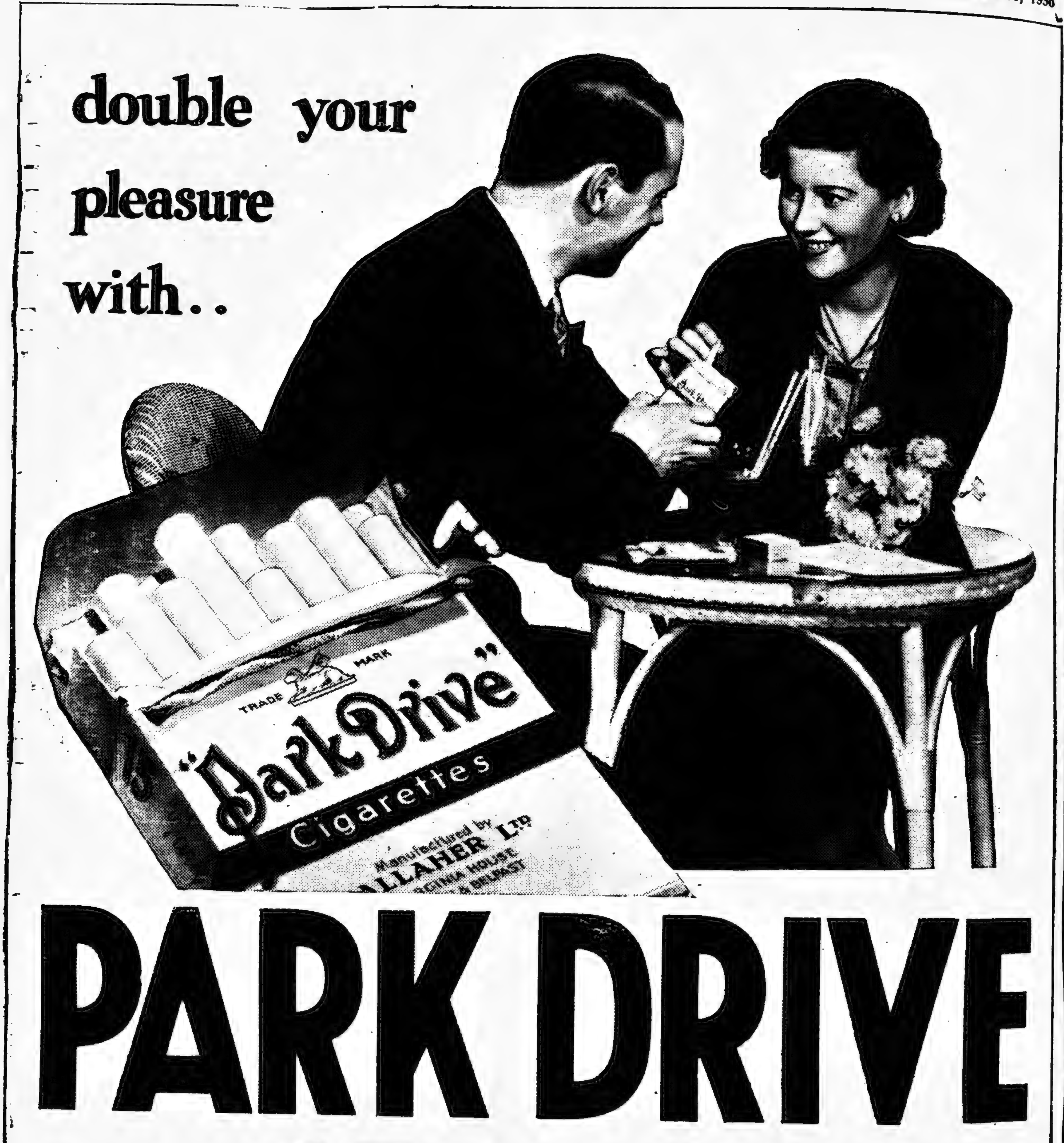
"Your liability," they say, "will be limited to the amount of your cover, and you will not be called for any further payment, but your profits are not restricted in any way."

Optimistic, surely?

In previous offers—which have been commented upon by reputable financial critics—other predictions made by this firm have been held to be highly extravagant.

Some, indeed, have been regarded as part of the usual stock-in-trade of people who seek to find investors for speculative deals in which the odds are far more against the investor than the dealer!

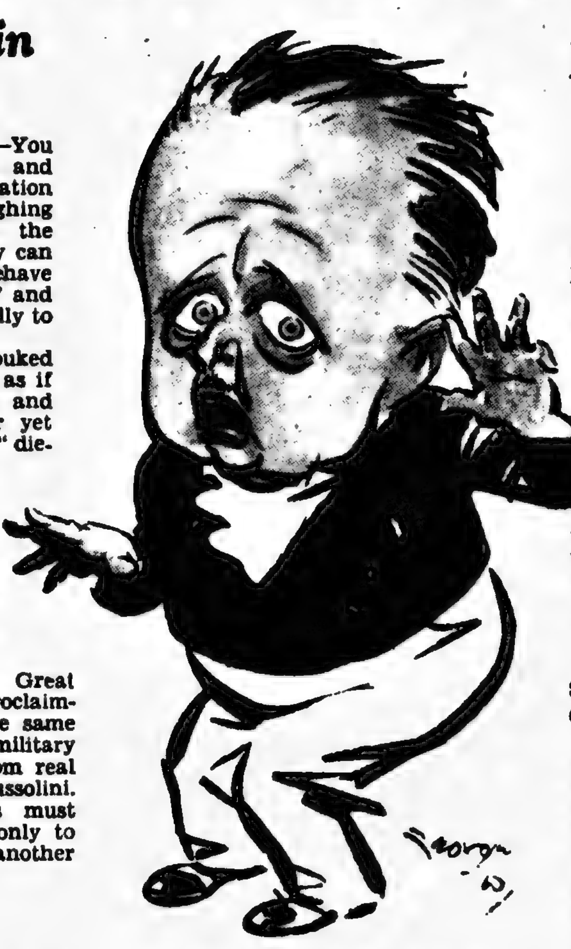
No careful or prudent investor should look twice at such propositions.


double your pleasure with..
TRADE MARK
"Park Drive"
Cigarettes
Manufactured by
ALLAHER LTD
RGINIA HOUSE
A BELFAST
PARK DRIVE
15 for 6d.
10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

CANDID Communications

DUFF GETS DUFFER

Fat Boy's Thin War Talk



Stop trying to make our flesh creep. Duff

DEAR DUFF COOPER,—You sneer at Dr. Barnes and say that his congregation must have been laughing at him, but actually the laugh's on you. Because nobody can take you seriously while you behave like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" and try so fatuously and unsuccessfully to make our flesh creep.

The Bishop very rightly rebuked Christian ministers who preach as if they were recruiting sergeants, and you made that an excuse for yet another of those very boring "die-hard" speeches.

Really, I am getting sick and tired of your incessant alarmist talk. Every time you open your mouth you hint at a war round the corner. You remind me of nothing so much as the nervous old lady who used to get off her bicycle every few yards and ring the bell for safety's sake.

The miserable spectacle of Great Britain's War Minister openly proclaiming his fear of war, and at the same time belittling his nation's military strength only raises a laugh from real war experts like Hitler and Mussolini. These professional warmongers must know by now that they have only to bare their teeth for you to give another exhibition.

* * *

For what may go down well at a dinner of the City Lieutenants' Club won't wash in Rome and Berlin. The world is not entirely composed of City Lieutenants.

Then look at the effect that the sort of speeches you have been making has on your own recruiting campaign.

How can you complain that young men are not joining the Army in thousands when you keep on saying that war is on top of us?

The young men, and every one else who thinks, are much more interested in the possibility of peace than the possibility of war.

But I believe that there's something nearer your heart behind all this superficial scaremongering. If the rumours are true, you realise the failure of the recruiting campaign, and are trying to panic the country into conscription. Well, you may take it from me, Duff, that the country won't stand for that.

Nor will it stand for some sort of camouflaged conscription for the Territorials, which is another pet scheme attributed to you.

* * *

You also try to cover up your tracks by saying that you were one of the first to support the League of Nations and hope to be the last to desert it. That rather sounds as if you expect it will be necessary for you to desert it, and I cannot see that it is any more glorious to be the last rat to leave a sinking ship.

Anyhow, if I were Prime Minister, and wanted to get young men into the Army, the first thing I should do would be to give you the sack. JOHN BULL.

I Understand, Gordon—Play the Game, Game—"Lorry Girl" Scandal

Mr. GORDON RICHARDS,
Newmarket Jockeys' Room

DEAR GORDON,—You have still to ride one winner and a bit every day until the end of the flat season to register your annual score of two hundred victories.

That is an almost impossible performance at this time of year.

At Newmarket Races this week they were saying that you are so determined to do it that you are going in for intensive body wasting, regardless of the consequences to your health.

Don't be foolish. You are still by far the champion. That should be sufficient.

JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—The case in which two policemen were acquitted after the jemmy, which they had borrowed from a police canteen manager, had been placed by an informer on a suspected person, has left a nasty taste in my mouth.

We are, I hope, well past the bad old days when the end justified the means, and it would be a good thing if you made it clearer that methods like that are not the order of the day.

You have reinstated these two men in another division. But now I ask for stringent instructions that all such methods must never be used again—or you will see that the life of the policeman using them is "not a happy one."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. H. LAPSLEY,
Motor Users' Association

DEAR MR. LAPSLEY,—I'm with you in your hope that the forthcoming report of your investigations into the evils of the "lorry girl" will rouse local authorities into cleaning-up those road-houses that encourage her.

These girls, according to Dr. Burke, of Salford Municipal Clinic, are responsible for 28 per cent. of the cases of disease that come under his treatment.

The appalling extent of the evil calls for immediate action. Lorry drivers must be protected from this insidious form of temptation for their own sakes and for the safety of the public.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. AMIGO,
Catholic Bishop of Southwark

DEAR BISHOP,—I can't believe many of your flock were scared by your stupid prophecy of Catholic persecution in this country as an after-effect of the Spanish civil war.

"We may have plenty to suffer before long," you cried, and cited the Gordon Riots of 1780.

You ought to know that religious intolerance is not tolerated in this country now, and that the "No Popery" cry is as dead as Lord George Gordon himself.

JOHN BULL.

Sir RICHARD LIVINGSTONE,
President, Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford

SIR RICHARD,—
You must be a man of steel,
For you brought the Oxford Dons to heel,
And now each new Vice-Chancellor
Will be ten years younger than before.
But however much credit for this you get,
Please do not rest on your laurels yet.
For a little gingering-up by you
Of next year's Dark Blue 'Varsity crew,
Might buck them into the victor's rôle
And astonish the world from pole to pole!

JOHN BULL.

Marquess of LINLITHGOW,
Viceroy of India

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—The flogging of 200 rioters in Bombay is a dirty blot on your administration.

Your liberal speeches made me hope that a new and wiser era was opening for India. But so long as you allow the provincial governments to retain the barbaric punishment of the lash your promises will ring hollow.

Why, even the Nazis are mocking you!

JOHN BULL.

H.M. KING CAROL,
c/o President Benes, Prague

SIR,—Your apparent determination to break away from your old ally France, and carry the nations of the Little Entente with you into the Fascist camp, does you no credit.

Your country has stood like a beggar on France's doorstep for years. You have "borrowed" huge sums from France as a result of your protestations of loyalty.

Now you feel there is greater spoil to be "won" from the gangster-nations. You have overthrown M. Titulescu, the greatert Foreign Minister the Balkans over had, because he genuinely loved France. Every move your new Ministers make smacks of the Fascist taint.

Infidelity in all spheres of life—domestic and public—seems your paramount characteristic. JOHN BULL.

Major J. J. ASTOR, M.P.,
Proprietor of the "Times"

DEAR MAJOR,—It is pretty significant when the chief proprietor of the *Times* urges the need for altering the law of libel, and you are not exaggerating when you say that the law at present is "a veritable Klondyke for adventurous plaintiffs."

I, more than anyone else, have suffered from a law which allows the rogues I expose to try to muzzle me—and at my expense. What a disgrace that the freedom of the Press should still be hampered by people who are able to carry on their thinly-veiled blackmail under the protection of judge and jury.

JOHN BULL.

STATE-AIDED WAGGERY

By a Very Special Investigator

I want to be hap-py,
But I can't *be* hap-py,
Till I make you hap-py, too-hoo-hoo!

LORD HORDER, K.C.V.O., M.D., etc., did not go so far as to outrage the decorum of the Royal Medical Society by breaking into song, as above, in the course of his presidential address. But the gargling of a stave from the old Joe Coyne ditty would have succinctly expressed his sentiments.

Not only does his lordship want to make you and me happy, too-hoo-hoo, but, apparently, he will stick at nothing to do it. "There is," he said, "the Ministry of Health and the Department of Health. Surely there could be a Ministry and Department of Public Happiness."

At a first glance the idea sounds too perfectly jolly ripping. But when one gives it some more glances, the temptation to go tripping down Harley Street, to deposit daffodils and meadowsweet on Lord Horder's doorstep, becomes slightly less urgent.

* * *

What precisely would be the function of a Ministry of Happiness Lord Horder omitted to mention. But I think we may take it that a Happiness Enforcement Act would not differ from other Acts in bringing into being a new army of inspectors, plain-clothes policemen, plain policewomen and stipendiary sundries.

These would be charged with the job of spotting breaches of the hilarity provisions of the Act and gonging offenders. And don't you imagine you'd get off lightly, youngfellermelad, if detected in the act of whipping the cat in a built-up area or of failing to smile when hailed by a mirth inspector.

Of course, if the Ministry set to work in an unexpectedly efficient manner, it would first concentrate on the removal of existing causes of unhappiness. For when Stevenson blithely informed us that the world is so full of a number of things, he (R. L. S.) was sure we should all be as happy as kings, he omitted to mention that included in the number of things of which the world is full are tax collectors, lumbago, cold mutton, tax collectors, gas companies, Mr. Duff Cooper, ingrowing toenails, and tax collectors.

These are only a few of the obstacles to unrestrained gaiety with which the Ministry would have to deal.

But it is to be feared that the Secretary of State for Happiness would become involved in an undignified dust-up with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as soon as he submitted his first departmental estimates—which would, of course, include an adequate sum for the purchase of dynamite to be employed in the vaults of the Inland Revenue department.

Unhappily things are not likely to be carried this far in an attempt to turn us into a nation of compulsorily light-hearted girls and boys. So there is no immediate need for anyone to take out an insurance policy against the third-party risks inherent in the forcing of State-aided confetti down the necks of insufficiently genial strangers.

* * *

Even if my Lord Horder's proposal should commend itself to the mercurial Stan Baldwin and the other jovial boys of the Downing Street gang, they can be relied upon not to do anything that would savour of precipitancy. It may, indeed, be taken for granted that they would first of all appoint a Royal Commission to sit on the idea.

From which it follows that it may be taken no less absolutely for granted that the consequent report would not be available for shelving within the lifetime of Whitehall's youngest inhabitant.

Y. Z.

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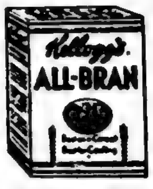

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His Majesty Gives AUDIENCE . .

—The King— This Week

by

John Drinkwater

He dresses how he likes, dropping traditional formalities

THE other day I heard a significant story about the King when he was Prince of Wales. It has, I think, not been told before. It had been announced that he would make a speech at an unofficial but not private dinner that he was attending.

When the time came he said that he had changed his mind. The organisers of the occasion were disconcerted, but their persuasion was unavailing.

At the end of a long evening he told them that he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, thanked them for their hospitality, adding that they must not mind about the speech, the fact being that he always knew when and when not to speak, and that he had felt instinctively that in the circumstances of the evening it would be a mistake for him to do so.

He was right, and what he claimed for himself is characteristic of the man. The King has an unfailing sense of just what should and should not, of what may and may not be done. The highly complicated tradition of kingship that he has inherited is guarded in his mind with the most exacting precision. And at the same time he is able to see which of the routine habits that surround his office can be discarded without any loss to majesty. He discards them.

* * *

His personal contact with the Ministers of the Crown is a case in point. Up to the time of his accession a Minister in audience with the Sovereign was expected to conform exactly with an established code of etiquette.

It was a time-honoured custom and in itself a good one, as long as it lasted. But manners change, and although old-fashioned minds may not care to admit it, they seldom change for the worse. King Edward VIII, in any case, no longer thinks that in these ministerial audiences his kingly dignity is served by the stiffer formalities that fitted other times.

When a Minister calls he is usually told to sit down and invited to smoke. As likely as not, during the discussion that follows the King himself will walk about the room.

Nor does he walk about merely to listen. His contribution to the matter in hand is always likely to be at least as valuable, both in information and opinion, as the Minister's. Two experienced men of the world are talking together, and ease of contact is, in the King's view, conducive to clear thinking and frank expression.

* * *

The change of attitude would not have been possible with any of the King's predecessors on the Throne, but with him it has the touch of inevitability. He knows just what may be done, and here he shows that without making any fuss he has the initiative to do it. See him at a public or State function and you see a King as regal as any in the long line. But in the more intimate conduct of business he knows that the technique of other reigns would be at variance with his own character and personality, and he cuts it out.

There can be no doubt that in consequence he is making a far more definite impact on his advisers than he would do otherwise.

Such an audience took place a few days ago, when the King sent for Sir John Simon after the disturbances in the East End of London. I hear that the King explained that he was not at all concerned in the political pretensions of either faction, but that he was very much concerned that his law-abiding people should not be menaced in their daily lives by extremist agitation, be its colour red or black or any other.

Sir John was able to assure the King that His Majesty's views were those of the Cabinet, and to submit precautions that were being taken against the repetion of such disorders.

* * *

Another example of the King's departure from an old routine method of getting official information. Hitherto communication between the Sovereign and an official has been a complicated affair of notes in an ascending scale to the Royal desk.

Now if the King wants to know something he takes the obvious course of going to the telephone, ringing up the person concerned, and making direct enquiry. Rather startling, no doubt, sometimes, but no more than a rational application of common sense to the job in hand.

Similarly, when he is on one of his estates he drops traditional formalities that have no meaning for him. During his recent visit to Sandringham he walked unrecognised about the grounds and village, dressed to suit inclement weather in a grey-green cloak over a plus-four suit, and a soft hat adorned with a bright red cord.

Workers in the flax factory on the estate did not know who it was until he spoke to them. What clothes he put on didn't matter so long as they were convenient. What did matter was that he should find out for himself how the reorganisation of the Sandringham property would affect individual employees.

There have been rumours that in consequence of these changes many workers have been dismissed. They are without any truth. No man has left the King's employment unless a new job has been found for him, all contributions to the estate pension fund in such cases having been returned, supplemented by a bonus from the King's private purse.

CHRISTMAS . . .

King Edward will spend Christmas at Sandringham, host of a family re-union. His mother, his brothers and their wives, the little Princesses and baby Prince Edward of Kent will all be there.

It was his father's wish, expressed when he knew he was dying.

It seems that, after all, the King has decided that farming on any substantial scale needs more personal attention that he has time to give, and that in future the two thousand acres of farm land at Sandringham will be transferred to other owners, mostly to the tenant-farmers already in possession.

The King, I understand, will retain shooting rights, but for the rest he has come to the conclusion that the land is most properly in the hands of the men who have to live by it. The new owners are not likely to find that the King as a neighbour instead of a landlord has lost any interest in their welfare.

No plans have yet been made for a similar transference of the Windsor farm.

* * *

Incidentally, I am told that the King so much enjoyed his visit to Balmoral, which had previously not much attracted him, that he is likely to enlarge his holding there rather than reduce it.

In any case, there is no question of either Balmoral Castle or Sandringham House passing out of the King's hands. The latter place particularly suits his convenience, being so arranged that he can stay there at any time in a suite of apartments without opening the whole house. This self-contained character of the suites, however, is apt to be embarrassing to the local police, and even the servants, who more than once have found that the King has escaped their notice in leaving for one of his walks.

* * *

Which brings me to a matter about which I am sure that every right-minded citizen of the Empire will be in agreement with me.

No public figure, even in the humblest station, escapes malicious gossip. Great eminence is the more exposed to this form of attack. It is usually as ridiculous as it is contemptible. When King Edward the Seventh was first seen in public smoking a cigar a bag-full of letters were sent by indignant imbeciles to Queen Victoria.

Certain foreign papers with some circulation in this country have now been busy with our King's private life. That this happens to be one of singular charm and generosity is beside the point.

In no circumstances whatever can it fitly be a proper subject for public discussion or private conjecture. In the circle of his own friends the King's life is as much his own affair as mine or the dustman's, and any interference with it, even in the sanctified name of news-mongering, is a gross impertinence.

We have on the Throne a man who looks like doing incalculable service to kingship and to his people. Not to respect the privileges of his private life is disgraceful.

Don't waste time— I'm hungry!

Here is a dog who knows what is coming—and is ready for it. He used to be difficult to feed, but "RED HEART" altered all that. Now he gets frequent changes of diet, because "RED HEART" is scientifically prepared in three different flavours. "RED HEART" contains all the ingredients necessary to provide a perfectly balanced diet and so keep the dog, no matter what his breed, in perfect health and condition.

No more haphazard feeding. A can, a dish and a can-opener are all that is necessary. Order three tins to-day (diets "A," "B" and "C") from your Chemist, Grocer, Pet Stores or Corn Dealer, and feed them in rotation. The result will gratify you.

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DOG FOOD

CVS—59

She owes all her happiness to GIBBS DENTIFRICE

Sue waved them off gaily—but inwardly she was worried. She used to be so popular herself. Then a thought struck her. Joan had said her teeth were looking foggy.

Sue's dentist explained she was not cleaning her teeth properly—decaying food deposits were left in the crevices and tainting her breath. "I advise Gibbs Dentifrice" he said.

Sue took the Dentist's advice. The difference GIBBS made was amazing—Sue's gloriously white teeth made her lovely. Tony's friend Michael fell in love with her at first sight.

Soon he proposed. "You've the prettiest smile and the loveliest teeth in the world," he whispered adoringly. Sue sighed happily, thinking, "I owe all this to GIBBS."

Dentists wholeheartedly recommend Gibbs Dentifrice because they know from experience that Gibbs does safely all that a good tooth preparation can do—and does it perfectly. Gibbs antiseptic foam purifies every crevice, killing germs and washing away everything that might lead to decay; tones up gums and sweetens the breath. Gibbs makes teeth white and lovely for the present and safe for the future. Change to Gibbs to-day.

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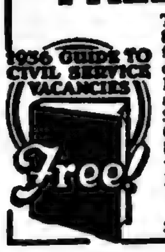
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356, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Some of the men who are responsible for the King's Speech—Mr. Baldwin, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Eden, Sir John Simon, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Samuel Hoare

What They Will Make the KING Say

by A. G. GARDINER

WE are back to what Carlyle called the Talking Shop. Parliament has met this week-end to clear away the remnants left over from the last Session, and on Tuesday next the King will raise the curtain on a stage swept and garnished for a new act in the old drama.

It will be a new act under new auspices. This will be the first occasion on which Edward VIII will be the mouthpiece of Government policy, and it will be the universal wish of the nation that the Session which he opens, and which will have his own Coronation as its "set piece," will be the augury of a reign worthy to rank with that of his lamented father.

The fulfilment of that wish depends, not only on the King, but also on the wisdom of the Ministers who advise him and govern through him. The measure of that wisdom or unwisdom will be foreshadowed in the Speech which the Government will put into his mouth next Tuesday.

The contents of the Speech will, of course, not be public property until it is uttered, but enough is known about them in political circles to warrant a fairly accurate forecast. That is especially the case in regard to domestic policy.

Impossible duty

TAKE, for example, the urgent question of public order which has assumed such magnitude through recent events in the East End, in Liverpool and elsewhere. The first business of government of any sort, democratic or dictatorial, is to preserve internal peace.

Under dictatorship the task is easy. Peace is preserved by the suppression of all liberty. Democracy has the more difficult duty of maintaining peace without violation to liberty.

But the recent activities of Sir Oswald Mosley and his group of Fascists threaten to make that duty not merely difficult but impossible. They tend to reproduce in this country the same collision of extremes which led to the overthrow of democracy in Italy and Germany. I would add Russia but for the fact that there was never any semblance of democracy to overthrow there.

In itself Fascism is so alien to the English spirit, rooted in self-government, as to be hardly worth powder and shot.

But the attempt to flog it into life by adopting Hitler's anti-Semitism as its policy is a menace to the public peace. The Government must put that menace down with a strong hand.

There must, of course, be no interference with the free expression of opinion in the Press and in public. But activities calculated to provoke public disorder must be ruthlessly suppressed.

Private armies

MEASURES in this direction are confidently expected to be foreshadowed in the King's Speech. To be effective they should do two things.

They should ban the wearing of uniforms. We must have no private armies of Black Shirts, Brown Shirts and Red Shirts marching and counter-marching in our streets, as they marched and counter-marched in Germany and Italy. We know only one Army. It is the Army of the nation, controlled by Parliament.

Stop this uniform business and the provocative element will largely disappear. That is how the Scandinavian countries have dealt with the mischief. That is how the Manchester Watch Committee has dealt with it. It told the Fascists they could parade, but not in uniform.

And all the provocation went when the Mosley men demonstrated in "civvies." We may, I think, take it for granted that the King's Speech will announce the Government's intention to ban the political uniform.

And it should deal also with the provocative procession. It is not fair to throw on the police the last-minute decision as to whether public disorder is threatened. Nor is it fair to the public that the police of London should be withdrawn from their proper duties to combat the threat.

Severe regulations should be laid down giving the authorities power to define routes, and, if necessary, forbid processions.

Revelations

THERE is more hope of the King's Speech satisfying the public demand in this matter than of being adequate in another no less important. It is that of the physical fitness of the nation. The grave effects of malnutrition upon large bodies of the poorer classes, especially nursing mothers and children, have recently been the subject of the most disquieting revelations from medical officers and social workers. With the rise in the price of commodities which is in progress those effects will be aggravated, particularly in the depressed areas.

This is a state of things that ought not to be tolerated in a rich country with a vast surplus of food which needs only an efficient policy of distribution to deal with the evil.

It ought not to be impossible to devise a plan which will bring that surplus, especially of such vital foods as milk and fruit, to the barren tables of those who are in need of it.

The physique of the nation is the first of its assets, and the public will be profoundly disappointed if, as I fear, the King's Speech offers no policy in this great matter.

Nor is there any expectation that it will disclose any new policy for the distressed areas themselves. Sir Malcolm Stewart, the first Commissioner for the Areas, has returned from his task in despair, and Sir George Gillett has taken his place.

But without more power and without more money it will be impossible for Sir George to succeed where Sir Malcolm has failed. And though the Special Areas Act is to be renewed, it will supply no more of the necessary sinews of war for combating the problem of Darkest England.

In view of the repeated recommendations of commissions appointed to enquire into the Jarrows and Merthyr Tydvils of the country, the failure to adopt more drastic measures to rehabilitate our dying towns will be a grave blot upon the King's Speech. Is it too much to hope that even at this late hour the blot may be erased?

The forecasts of the Speech are more promising in the matter of roads. The present administration of the great highways is hopelessly out of touch with modern conditions, and the transfer of 4,500 miles of the main trunk roads from local authorities to the nation is to be welcomed.

Will thank him

MR. HORE-BELISHA has now a job that should satisfy even his ambitions, and if he will give us a system of great thoroughfares comparable with those which—let it be said to his credit—Mussolini has given Italy, he will deserve the public thanks.

A particularly welcome feature of the King's Speech will be the promise of unemployment insurance for the Black Coat community.

This has long been pleaded for in these columns.

By raising the salary standard for insurance from £250 a year to £400, it is estimated that the total of insured persons will be increased by 400,000, and the income of the fund by nearly two and a half millions sterling.

This is excellent. So also is the proposal to bring the black-coated community within the orbit of the contributory pensions scheme on a voluntary basis.

Deplorable

TWO notes of lament. I fear the opposition of the employers has been effective in excluding from the new programme such amendment of the Factories Act as will secure cleaner and safer conditions in factories and workshops.

And the new subsidy scheme for the farmer means a new raid on the consumer.

The subsidy of £5,000,000 is to be met as to £2,000,000 out of the taxpayers' pocket, and as to £3,000,000 by a tax on foreign meat, which is the food of the poor.

This seems to me deplorable.

There remain the vast problems of foreign policy, but on these the King's Speech will cast too vague a light to invite comment here.

Politics and You

LOCAL ELECTIONS

NEARLY 400 towns and cities go to the polls this week to elect 3,000 councillors. About 10,000,000 people will be entitled to vote. If you are one of them, don't miss your chance. Men and women would have jumped at it a few generations ago.

* * *

In the bad old days there was no local government as we know it. No community effort to provide water, sewerage, street lighting, paving. Jerry builders dumped back-to-back houses where they pleased. Corruption and bumbledom were rampant.

All that has gone. Local authorities to-day are democratically elected and possess enormous powers. They control a yearly expenditure of over £550,000,000.

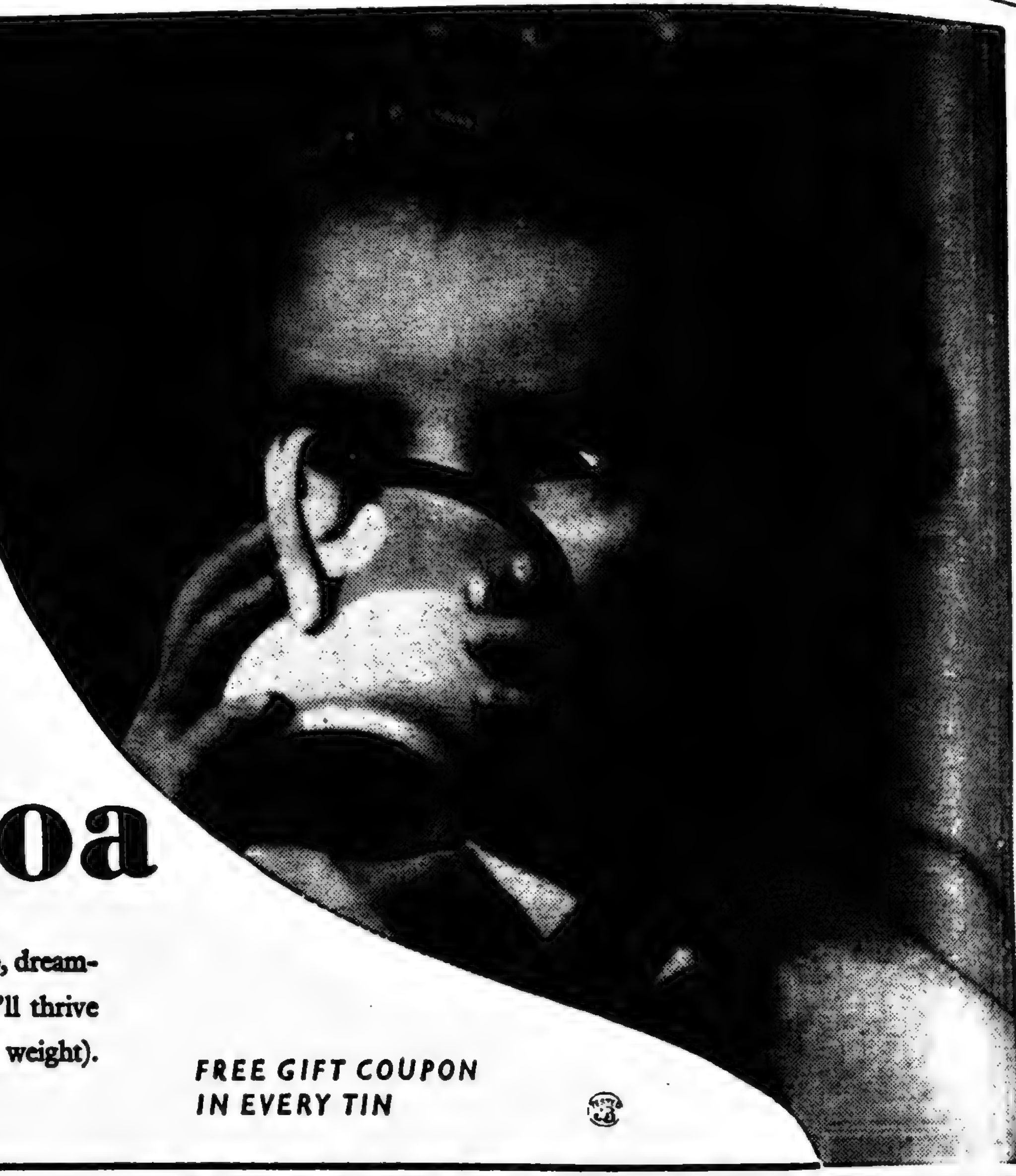
They fix the rates you pay. It's your job, though, to see they spend the money wisely. Rates vary from 4s. to 29s. in the £—the average being 11s. Sounds a lot, doesn't it? Some people call it waste. But it isn't. It goes on education, housing, police, sewerage, libraries and museums, the blind, maternity and child welfare services, poor relief, roads, lighting, clinics, and the fire brigade. It works out at 1s. 4d. a head per week of the population—a sum about equal to what we spend a head on alcohol and tobacco—really wonderful value for the money.

The effect of all these things on the national well-being has been amazing. Many more babies survive; folk live longer; health standards have vastly improved; cities are cleaner.

Yet, many people won't trouble to vote; think it not worth while. Don't *you* make that mistake. You vote!

* * *

Would you like a word of advice as to whom to support? Well, then don't choose the individual whose sole object is to keep down the rates. Choose, instead, irrespective of Party, the man or woman who has the vision and courage to see that his job is to work for the health and happiness of all citizens, and that very often bold, yet careful, spending for the common good is essential.



Mummy says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

When the little man's had a busy day, ensure for him a deep, dreamless sleep with a cup of Fry's Cocoa. He'll love it and he'll thrive on it. And Fry's Cocoa is so economical—5½d. per ¼lb. (net weight).

FRY'S—THE FOOD YOU DRINK

FREE GIFT COUPON IN EVERY TIN

C.O. 279.151036

The *Quick* Way WITH A

CHEST COLD

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure that it goes overnight. Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is super-strength. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy. Yet it will not burn or blister. Rub it on when you go to bed and in the morning all soreness will be gone, and dangerous complications like bronchitis or pneumonia warded off. Because Musterole is so much more powerful and penetrating it costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against the *certain* and almost instant relief from pain and discomfort that Musterole brings? Actually, you will find Musterole very economical because, owing to its great penetrating power, you need use so little at a time. A pot of Musterole in the house may save you and yours hours of pain and misery—rub it on at the first sign of coughs, sore throats, chest colds, muscular rheumatism, 'Flu (in thousands of cases it has prevented pneumonia), aches and sprains and congestion.

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT

PRICE 2/6

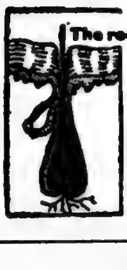
Almost BALD

NOW— NEW HEAD OF HAIR

When hair starts to fall out, it's a sure sign that it is being starved. But even when baldness seems rapidly approaching, there's no need to despair. For *if the root is alive, Silvikrin will make it grow.* Because Silvikrin is an exact reproduction of the food that Nature herself should be supplying the hair through the bloodstream.

Problem of Hair Growth Solved

Owing to a brilliant piece of research, the problem of hair-growth has now been solved. Dr. Weidner found that no less than fourteen different organic elements are needed by the hair. These fourteen he succeeded in putting up in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Doctors to whom it was submitted for testing were enthusiastic. They *proved* that Silvikrin clears up dandruff, prevents hair falling, and, if the root is still alive, actually makes hair grow. Professor Polland, the Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, was especially sweeping in his praise. (Read it in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle.) Look up your hair trouble in the table on the right—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.



The roots need feeding

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

Read Mr. Loader's letter below—the photograph shows what a fine head of hair he has now.

"Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to let you know about your marvellous treatment for the hair.

I was losing my hair very badly every time I combed it and tried quite a number of different lotions, but without success. When I started treatment with Silvikrin in November, 1934, I was almost bald on top of the head. Three months later, I had a complete new head of hair—vigorous, glossy, alive."

(*Signed*) E. Loader,
36, Glenfield Road,
Ealing, W.13.

WHAT *YOU* NEED.

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for **Silvikrin Lotion.**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.

Ask for **Pure Silvikrin.**

From chemists, hairdressers and stores.

ME AND JIM BARNES

"*Letters—thousands of them, week after week. I try to point the way to the writers of them . . . but how difficult it is, sometimes*"

by JOHN HILTON

Receiving one of the biggest personal postbags in the country owing to his broadcasts, Professor John Hilton, discusses in this article the many problems and troubles that he is asked to solve by the millions of friends he has made through the microphone

IN the past three or four years I have made millions of friends. Through the medium of radio they have grown to know my voice as well as my wife and children know it. And through their letters I have got to know *them*—not intimately, or individually, perhaps, but as a kind of vaguely vast family.

Mostly I know them because of their troubles, because of the little problems and worries that beset us all from time to time. I have tried to study the difficulties that beset ordinary, everyday folk, to understand the various viewpoints of people with differing interests. And then, when I have weighed the pros and cons, the causes that have produced so many distressing effects, I have tried to point *the way out.*

Just as often, of course, I have waved the danger flag, and tried very hard to warn people away from the way *in.* But then human nature is like that—and once it has got people into a hole there's no manner of sense in saying, "Well, you should have looked!"

So, for the most part, I try to find the way out, and a very difficult, responsible job it is. Not that I am frightened of it, mind you. I don't set myself up as the Seven Wise Men, by any means, but I do happen to have knocked about a bit, and the rest is merely a matter of drawing from experience.

For instance, I frequently receive letters from people—young men, mostly—who seem to have no hope in anything. "There is nothing before me," they write unhappily. "Nothing."

Faith Lost

WELL, do you know, when I was a youngster, with little education and less money, I left home in order not to be a burden upon my parents. I had lost some of their money and much of my faith over an invention which I had failed to sell. Lots of people made money out of the patent afterwards, but I got nothing.

So I left home.

I took my cycle and toured Lancashire, trying desperately to find a job. From Bolton I travelled to Heywood, by a roundabout way, and there—at the works of Smith Brothers—I applied for a job as a turner or fitter. The timekeeper at the door turned me away.

Later, in Bury, I did get a job, as a fitter, and within four years I was the works manager.

I was then twenty-five, and an offer came from an unknown source for me to become managing director of a large loom works. (Yes, I too have known the little puff of pride.)

I took the new job and went back to Smith Brothers, of Heywood—as managing director. A year later, after working eighteen hours a day without pause, I collapsed and went out to Russia—for a change of climate!—but the little world I had built up so quickly had collapsed with me. And I was a married man with a small family.

That's what I mean by experience. I have known bitterness and despair. And now, well on the wrong side of middle-age, I know there's no golden rule to solve anyone's problem, no panacea for the ills.

A personal worry is the most personal thing in the world. Perhaps that is why someone else can solve it, or point to the solution, better than you can yourself.

* * *

I confess that when I hear of the things some people have to put up with I am deeply moved. Look at this:

". . . went out walking in the fields, feeling the cool wind on my face and somehow forgetting a bit. Then, when I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, but looking at the birds circling away up there, I put my hand in my pocket and *touched my relief card.*

"That made me feel bad again, so I started back, but passing a cottage I heard a voice, quiet and kindly like. I leaned against the sill, wondering, and then I knew it was the wireless, and the voice was yours . . ."

The mere touch of the card in his pocket was enough to remind that chap of the grim circumstances in which he existed.

Think of him out there, walking, walking, trying to "forget a bit." And then putting his hand, without thinking, in his pocket. . . .

Quietly Starved

THE other day I received a large box, and opened it with the help of Jim—I'll tell you about Jim in a moment—and found some very fine carnation layers. And a letter.

"I had never had anything like that happen to me. When I read your note, and saw the ten shillings, I nearly cried. I've been out of work so long . . . but the garden is fine, and I've tried hard to make these the finest carnations in England. You must plant them at once, and perhaps sometimes you'll think of me. . . . P.S.: I hope one day to send you back the ten shillings."

Well, I couldn't remember the name on that letter, but we looked it up, and then I remembered why I sent the few shillings. I had received one of the cheeriest of letters from a chap who was just out of jail. He had suffered from ill-health a good deal, and lost his business; and as it was his own little business he could not get unemployment benefit.

So he had quietly starved, until, driven crazy with hunger and cold, he had stolen a rug from outside a shop. The Chief Constable testified that he had *never worked,* although he had had his own business for years—and he went to prison for his first offence.

Nevertheless, his letter was cheery and bluff, with many quips and sly asides, which caused me to chuckle for minutes afterwards. Prison had not soured that chap. "I was in decent company for once," he observed.

Money Troubles

I GET a good many letters of a kind that I call "socks on the jaw" from people who long for the day when they will be independent of somebody or something.

A man tells me of all the money troubles around him, the eternal struggle to make ends meet, and ends with the hope that he will somehow "come into money." "Then maybe I could speak to the Ministry of Pensions as I would like to."

Sometimes, when I am almost stumped by a letter, I turn to Jim for help. And Jim—well, now, I see that I can't put off telling you about Jim any longer.

It was like this. I met him about a year ago when he took the chair for me at a bit of a meeting in a Labour club. His opening remarks stirred me up and tickled me so much that I was sorry when he sat down and I had to get up. Afterwards he told me that he was an out-of-work house painter.

"Good Lord," I said, "a man of your quality an out-of-work painter." So I took him to London with me, and he helped me with a broadcast, when I discussed unemployment with him.

And then I got him to learn typing and shorthand, which he did in record time, and now Jim Barnes, ex-painter, is my right-hand man.

He helps me with all my correspondence, sometimes 1,000 letters a week, and advises on the preparation of radio talks. He's a fount of wisdom, is Jim, and a staunch friend as well. Goodness knows where I'd be without him.

Do you know, we spend days getting out one talk that will last twenty minutes. I lie awake at night turning over the problems in my mind and seeking the way out. Then I compare notes with Jim, and the rough draft is prepared.

Then we go through the draft, line by line, making sentences simpler to understand, adding touches of humour and so on.

Worn Out

WHEN, finally, I go to the mike I am as nervous as a leading lady on a first night, but when the red light comes I cool down all right.

At the end, though, I am exhausted, quite worn out.

I spoke recently on the radio of the perils of suspecting people without justification, and referred to a poor lad who had committed suicide after a plain-clothes man had visited his home. As it happened, the young man was innocent, but in shame and horror he had thrown away his life.

After giving this talk I had a letter from that boy's parents. "We know you were referring to our poor boy," they said. "How well you understand. May we ask a very great favour?"

They begged for a manuscript copy of my talk, with perhaps a little note upon it in my handwriting. "Then, when his little girl grows up and people tell her that her father was a suicide we will bring out that wonderful talk and let her read for herself and know the truth."

Dreadful Ordeal

UPON this same subject of suspicion I received a letter from Philip Yale Drew, the man who underwent such a dreadful ordeal at the inquest upon the victim of the Reading murder.

"Every word you said was only too true It is an awful thing to sit in the well of a crowded court and hear witness after witness come forward to say, 'I saw him: *that is the man.*'

"First you have a queer desire to laugh; then horror sweeps down upon you at the thought of what it may lead to; then you feel how pitiful it all is.

"For the sake of one brief moment in the limelight they will swear away an innocent man's life."

Letters—thousands of them, week after week. How very much they reveal of what, in the ordinary way, is hidden. How many problems they set—how difficult it is, sometimes, to find the *way out.*

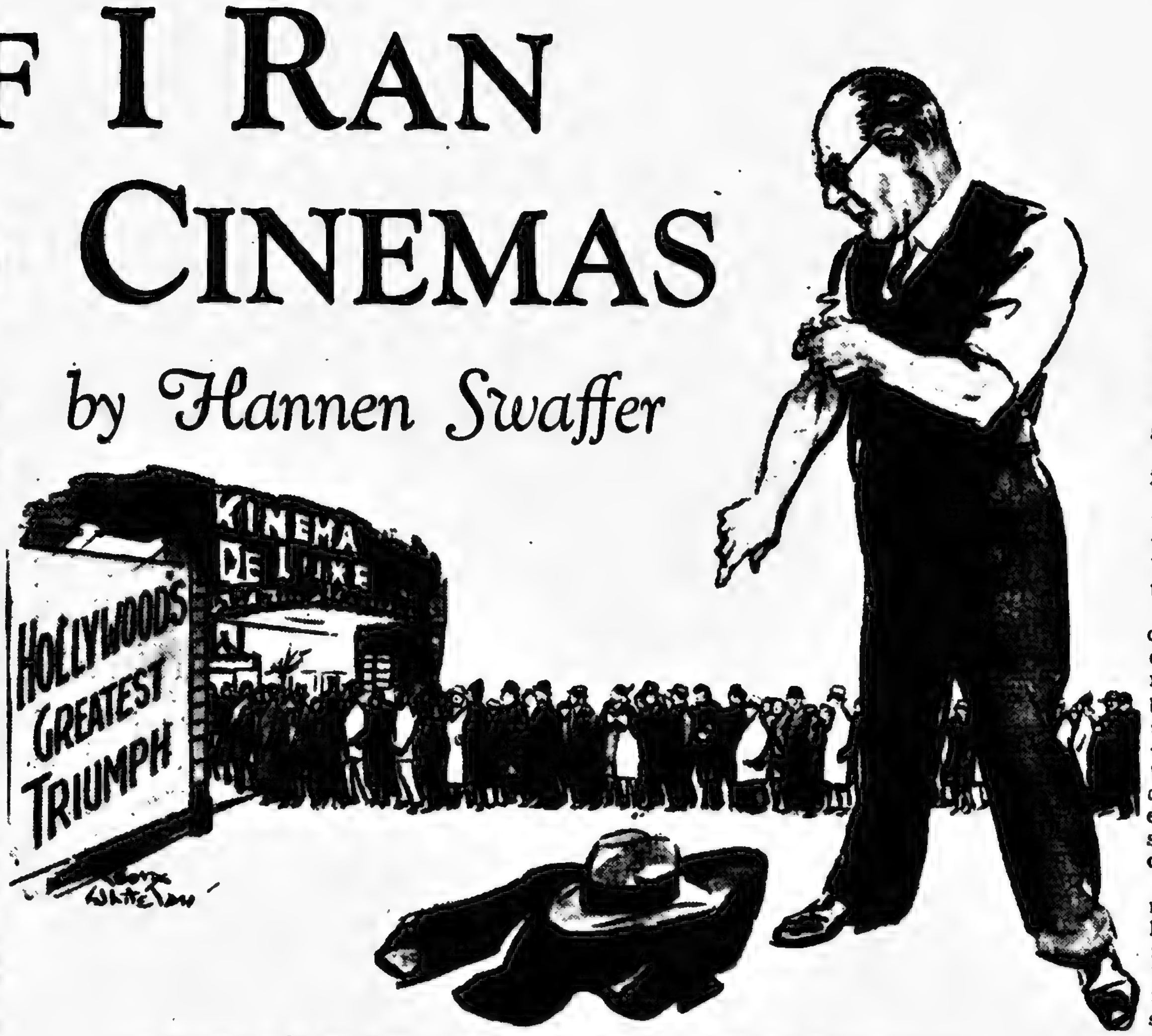
TO BE SURE . . . SEE THE NAME
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
OR THE LIFEBUOY ON THE PACKET
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

■ There is only one genuine Player's "Medium" Navy Cut and the name PLAYER'S is a definite guarantee of the quality that is recognised as standard by smokers everywhere. That is why it is important to look for the lifebuoy on the packet and the words PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT on each cigarette.

NCC365A

IF I RAN 583 CINEMAS

by Hannen Swaffer



John Maxwell has his great chance to aid British films more than anyone yet—will he rise to it?

I WAS wondering what I would do if I found myself in control of 583 cinemas scattered across Britain, four great producing studios, and a staff of between 20,000 and 25,000 employees, all engaged in making pictures or in showing them.

I was wondering—because that is the position in which John Maxwell will find himself when the deal is completed by which he is acquiring control of Gaumont British from the Ostrer Brothers.

Yes, John Maxwell has beaten the Americans—Joe Schenck, Nick Schenck, Louis Mayer—men whose great courage, wide vision and love of a gamble all joined in helping them to build up, in Hollywood, an enormous industry that has given us some of the greatest entertainments ever seen. These men, had they obtained control of Gaumont British, planned to build here a £1,000,000 studio and produce British pictures costing as much as £200,000.

That is the position in which John Maxwell, who, a few years ago, was an obscure Glasgow lawyer, is now placed. Because of a deal which controls a £24,000,000 concern, he will be chief of Gaumont British, the Associated British Cinemas, and the General Theatre Corporation! He will have almost power of life and death over a vast multitude of human beings, and over the laughter, thrills, tears and heart-throbs of half the population.

His Monopoly

IN West London, for instance, there are 250,000 people living between Chelsea and Acton whose cinema programmes will be chosen for them by this one man, John Maxwell. Some must take a sixpenny 'bus fare to get outside the area which he controls.

In many provincial towns—Coventry, for example—his monopoly will be as complete. In the vast amusement business of which he is now the Boss, he will pay half the entire Entertainment Tax! What pictures he says must be produced, will be produced. What pictures he says must be shown, will be shown.

If he lives up to his new responsibilities, which are beyond compute, there is no honour in the gift of the Government which would be too great for him. For John Maxwell can make, or unmake, an industry the propaganda value of which is infinite, one on which British prestige abroad largely depends, one which controls to an extent greater than they know the thoughts and the feelings of millions of British people.

Sitting in his flat in Portland Place, Maxwell must be conscious of his new power. He must take away with him to his Scottish home in the Kyles of Bute knowledge of this, for it is something from which he can never escape.

Yes, Maxwell will have beaten all the Americans. Now, how has it happened?

When they heard in Whitehall that the Ostrers might sell to America, they got alarmed. Pressure was brought to bear on the Ostrers, and so they sold to a British enterprise. "Government" was afraid of American control.

Now, if I were in John Maxwell's place, I would do many things. Realising how ineffectively the cheeseparing methods of penny-saving British production have been, I would produce pictures on the scale that Joe Schenck and his associates had planned. They intended bringing here the best producers and some of their stars.

Before they started to sell, the Ostrers had planned the production of twenty-five Gaumont British pictures a year, costing, on an average, £80,000.

Schenck, with millions to play with, would have done even more. *Maxwell, hitherto, has never spent as lavishly on a picture as the Americans do.* And now rumours are about that he means to reduce the number of Gaumont British productions. I wish he would deny it—and state a bold policy of big pictures.

If he does not, the British industry, so far from expanding, as it would have done under the American scheme, will seriously decline. We shall, indeed, be producing "quickies," not merely to comply with the quota, but as a matter of policy.

For months Gaumont British pictures have been finding an enlarging market in America—"39 Steps," "The Tunnel," "Tudor Rose," known over there as "Nine Days a Queen," and any Jessie Matthews picture, for she, in the States, is a great star. Will this, by increased enterprise, go on—or will it stop? Upon John Maxwell the answer depends.

What will Happen?

NOW thousands of Gaumont British employees are hourly expecting the sack. They include some of the best brains in the British industry.

Besides, "rationalisation" often means failure. Before it was absorbed in a big circuit, one big south coast cinema took, on an average, £1,200 a week. "Rationalised," its takings fell to £700. There was a smaller staff. Publicity was reduced. Cheaper pictures were put on. And so the takings went down. Will this happen if Maxwell rationalises?

Will there be room for Michael Balcon in the new Maxwell scheme? He shares with Korda the credit for putting British pictures on the map.

What will happen to Arthur Jarratt, the most astute booker of pictures of the country? What will happen to Bruce Woolfe, the man whose "Secrets of Nature" set a new standard of imaginative and intelligent instructional films?

What will happen to Francis Meynell, who has so cleverly brought new ideas to publicity?

Then, thousands of unknown cinema employees fear dismissal. As it is, the plight of many who show you to your seats, keep order, sell you chocolates or cigarettes, is bad enough. Their wages should go up, not down.

One cinema foreman, who wrote me last week—he did not work for John Maxwell—told me that his cinema showed continuously from 1.45 or 2 p.m. until 10.50 p.m. every day except Sundays. Its staff was five girls, one man, one pageboy, and himself. They were "packed" every day. The girls did the seating as well as carry 11 lb. weight of chocolates on trays. The hours worked by the men were over seventy per week!

Union Problem

YET, when a trade union recently asked the big exhibitors to raise the salaries, one replied, "The girls can look at the pictures for nothing."

What will be Maxwell's policy about the unions? Will he make terms with them?

Whitehall, having scotched the American deal, must now see that the British one means expansion not contraction, enterprise not stultification, and the making of pictures which will carry abroad that tradition which now is swamped and forgotten, because America, with the film, can do so much better than we can.

Men often rise to their responsibilities. Will John Maxwell? The ball is at his feet. . . .

Here are TWO Thrilling Secrets

that must remain secrets until next week, when JOHN BULL announces the biggest and most fascinating Christmas surprise of all.

Here's a tip—T.B.C.W.B.. That's the first big surprise.. The second is the S . . . S . . . S . . . It is something really unique. Make a note now, whatever else you do, not to miss next week's JOHN BULL, containing full details of JOHN BULL's remarkable Christmas Surprise.

Do your friends a good turn and tell them to look out for it, too.

JUST A HUMAN STORY

EVERY night for the past eighteen months, a white-haired Bournemouth couple have sat by their fireside with an empty chair between them.

It is placed in position as if in readiness for somebody whose arrival is always imminent—but who never comes.

A bedroom, too, is kept warm and cosy for the person whom this grave-faced husband and wife seem to be expecting. Its bed is made up, its sheets aired.

But always the bed is still empty when the couple rise from their vigil promptly at ten every night.

Thus do his parents await the return of George Stoner, sentenced to death for murder just after his eighteenth birthday last year, reprieved, and who is now serving a life sentence in Maidstone prison.

* * *

Never once, since their boy's appeal against the death sentence was dismissed have they ever referred to the case—even to each other.

To the mother, the lad is in hospital To the father, he's got a job away, somewhere.

The mother has never even read the thousands of letters of sympathy that reached her from all over the world when her boy was sentenced. They lie, face upwards, awaiting the time when the boy is released. She will read them then.

All except those that attacked the lad's co-prisoner in the dock, Mrs. Rattenbury, the 46-years-old woman who was acquitted. It will be remembered that she committed suicide after her release.

* * *

The day after that, Mrs. Stoner asked her husband to destroy every letter that spoke in bitter condemnation of the dead woman.

It was the last time the Stoners spoke of the case in the home they built with their own hands eleven years ago.

If, inadvertently, one of them moves a piece of furniture, the other always silently pushes it back. The boy must remember the house he helped to build just as it was when he left home.

A super-sentimental story? An over-theatrical story? No, it is neither of these.

It is just a simple human story of two people who might have run away or changed their name when Fate struck them hard, but who, for the sake of the boy they love, prefer to keep as much of their family life as possible intact for that great day when he comes "home from hospital," "home from the job that has taken him away."

AIR DEVILS O

I SAW FO
By a JOHN B

IT was still dark when the car which had brought me along the twelve-mile road from Madrid swung through the gates of Getafe Aerodrome. But the lofty snow-crowned peaks of the Guadarrama Mountains which stretched across the western horizon like a wall were ablaze with the first light of the dawn.

It was very cold. The pilot officer with me, nodding sombrely towards those distant peaks, said, "I'm sorry for the Moors up there. It must be cold enough to freeze the teeth out of a brass horse."

The instant we turned into the gates of the aerodrome I stepped into an altogether different side of the Spanish civil war. The sentries who stopped the car outside the guardhouse were properly uniformed and drilled men. None of your rag-tag and bobtail of militia men here loaded down with weapons like a miniature arms museum.

Those few seconds at the gate struck the keynote of what I was to see during the rest of the day. The Spanish war will be won in the air. Madrid and the Government's army may be run by a hundred committees of Communists, anarchists, Syndicalists and whatnots, but the Government Air Force is not. It keeps itself to itself.

Headquarters

GETAFE Aerodrome, its headquarters, highest aerodrome in Europe and guarding the vulnerable outlets of Madrid towards Toledo and Talavera, is forbidden territory to all except a few high officers of the Government forces.

As we sped across the tarmac towards the hangars I saw five Breguet twin-engined bombers drawn up on the field. Men were moving about them in quiet, orderly precision, carrying out and adjusting wicked-looking 112-lb. bombs in the racks slung beneath each. In the quickly gathering light their propellers were already turning. A group of pilots and gunners heavily swathed in regulation flying kit stood waiting near, some drinking coffee and looking reflectively at the early sky, others smoking, conversing.

It might have been any British military aerodrome before an early morning take-off or a wartime scene on the Western Front.

"The dawn patrol," said my companion. We stopped the car for a moment to watch. As we looked three Dewoitine fighters aligned in front of the bombers took off together and roared up in a steep climb into the sky, there to do sentry-go over their big brothers beneath. They were the bombers' escort, accompanying them out and home. To take off first and await the bombers up above was good, sound practice.

"But why the bombs," I asked, "and the bombers, if this is a mere patrol?" My guide answered, "Because we make no flights without an objective. We cannot spare machines, or men or petrol for just reconnaissance flights alone. Every flight must do a real job of work. Those 'eggs' will shake up Franco's Moors at their morning coffee."

He went on: "We have fewer fighters than the rebels, and though, as you will see later on, we are superior machine for machine and pilot for pilot to them, we seldom send our fighters up except as escort for the bombers. All the time I have been here I have only seen fighters go up twice on what you might call "insulting flights.""

The bombing patrols, I was told, go up three times a day: at dawn, at about 11 a.m., and after lunch about 2 p.m. Though the ground forces may still observe the Spanish custom of siesta—even though there is a war on—the air force does not. It is strictly business. It tries to spoil the other side's siesta.

Each patrol goes out for about two hours. After the 2 p.m. patrol there is seldom any more. There is no night flying as a rule. A waste of time and bombs they say, as Franco's rebel army is mostly spread out in the fields at night and is an almost invisible target.

We saw the dawn patrol off and then turned into the mess and command buildings. These, too, were a surprise and in keeping with all the disciplined and ordered efficiency I had seen outside. Although it was only 6 a.m. the various offices we passed, telephone rooms, map rooms were crowded with soldier clerks and officers all hard at work.

The mess where we went for breakfast was like any R.A.F. mess and better appointed than many. There were two ante-rooms, in one of which we passed a duty officer talking to a group of attentive young pilots who had apparently just finished breakfast and were gathering some instruction about work during the day.

The mess itself was a large panelled room. On the walls were hung the pennants of various European air lines, and at one end was a sideboard covered with silver cups—athletic trophies won by the officers of the squadrons which have always been stationed at Getafe.

Everything was very formal and military. The service was by soldier mess servants. I expected to find militia girls acting as waitresses or working about the aerodrome. They are everywhere among the Government armed forces, most of them strutting about armed to the teeth and helping to make life brighter—or more complicated—for the soldiers.

But there are none at Getafe. The air force officers lead almost a monastic life of strict discipline. No officer may leave the aerodrome until 6.30 p.m. If, occasionally, he drives into Madrid for dinner, he must be back in quarters by 11 p.m. A squadron car waits to take him back.

During breakfast and afterwards in my tour of the aerodrome and conversations with many of the pilots I got at the real facts about the Government air force.

First, with regard to the relative air strengths of the opposing armies—the Government has the quality in fighter pilots and machines, but not the quantity. Roughly, Franco has twice as many fighters as the Government, but he has rather less bombers. His fighting aircraft are German Arados, high-speed Heinkel machines carrying two guns, and Italian Fiats. This last machine is one of the latest things in fighters, carrying four guns and a small motor cannon firing through the boss of the propeller.

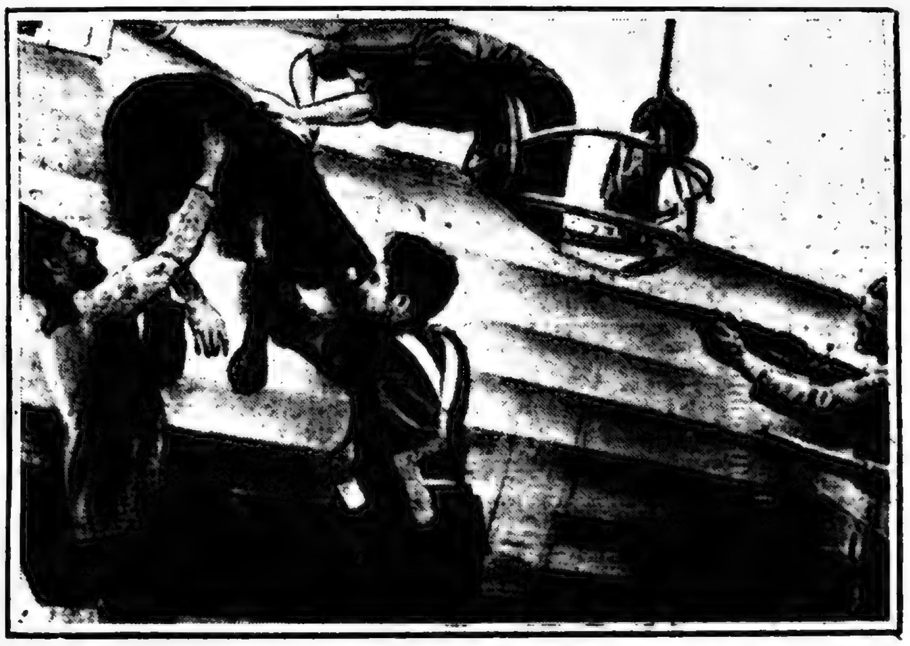
Outnumbered

MANY of them are flown by German and Italian *service* pilots. At Palma, in the Balearic Islands, he has a permanent pool of 100 pilots. The Italian machines come over there boxed, and are assembled and flown over to the mainland. The Heinkel machines enter via Portugal.

For bombers he uses chiefly tri-motor Junker machines of the type which the German Lufthausa flies on the European passenger routes—you can see them at Croydon any day.

The Government use Dewoitine fighters—a 250-mile-an-hour French machine carrying two guns—and a few British Fury fighters. Its bombers are chiefly light Breguets, like those I saw setting out on the dawn patrol, and some heavy Potez bombers of the latest type.

At Getafe, when I was there, I estimated that there were about 30 fighters and 12 bombers. They were expecting at least as many more fighters from Russia.



Government troops lift a wounded Fascist pilot from his 'plane which has been forced down behind the lines

"And if M. Blum," I was told, "reconsiders his non-intervention policy in view of the support which Franco is getting from Fascist Germany and Italy, we shall have at least as many machines again of the latest French type—which are as good as anything in Europe."

Getafe, though the chief aerodrome on the Government side, is only one of several. Multiply the estimate I have given by three and that will be about the Government's present air strength in machines.

Now the personnel. If Franco has German and Italian service pilots fighting for him, the Government possesses a foreign legion of air soldiers of fortune. They are French, Swedes and British and Russians. The British are signed up on monthly contracts at £250 a month, everything found and passage paid out and home.

At the end of a month they may leave if they wish or go on paid leave and return. The French and others are on weekly contracts and paid rather less.

Hush-hush

AT Getafe there were three Russians newly arrived with their machines, which were of an unnamed type, and were kept closely guarded. They had not yet been up. The Russians seemed to be of the service, but everything about them was very hush-hush also. They did not dine in mess, but kept to themselves in their own quarters. They seemed to get their instructions from elsewhere.

The "ace" of the pilots at Getafe and a flight commander is an extraordinary individual called Captain Lacalle. He is a young man—about twenty-eight—and one of those blue-eyed Latins. When you find them they are usually "tough guys," but Lacalle is the quiet type.

He has accounted for four rebel machines. Two of them were the latest thing in Italian Fiats, almost 300-mile-an-hour jobs and flown by Italian service pilots. He brought them down in the early days of "the war" when he was flying an old Nieuport of the Great War vintage. Now he flies a British Fury, for which he has an almost idolatrous affection. "My leetle Foory," he calls it.

Next to Lacalle as an "ace" is Captain Dore. He is one of the Frenchmen and a lady novelist's idea of a soldier of fortune—very good-looking in a bronzed, grizzled kind of way, and always immaculately uniformed. He is an "ace" of the Great War and speaks perfect English. He was attached to the British R.N.A.S. for a long time teaching our pilots to fly French Spads.

There are four other Frenchmen

VER MADRID

R MYSELF

LL Investigator

of the same type and years, and two Englishmen, both ex-R.A.F. officers named Griffin and Doherty. Previously there were four other Englishmen; all have been killed, and, as this was being written, I learned that Griffin and Doherty have both been wounded in air combats and have come home to England for treatment.

Air supremacy consists in keeping the other side out of the air, and the Government seems to have done that every time.

They carry out three bombing raids to Franco's one and they are always seeking action. With the result that the rebel raiders seldom venture up attended by an escort of fewer than eight swift fighters, as against the Government's three. Nevertheless the Government fighters always take on a scrap.

Doherty got his wound taking on three Fiats. He was hit three times but the Fiats called it off first and he managed to find the bomber which he was guarding again, and got back to Getafe in spite of great loss of blood.

The Government's bombing is better also. Its machines are handled by grim professionals or soldiers of fortune who use bomb sights and know how to do so. Franco's machines are manned by men who have a strange inability to use sights. They simply tip the bombs overboard and trust to luck.

They showed me at Getafe the result of Franco's only raid, made with 20 machines on a brilliant moonlit night, with no opposition from ground guns or fighters. Nearly a hundred 2-cwt. bombs were dropped. One small tool-shed on the fringe of the aerodrome was knocked over.

On the other hand, the Government's bombing and low machine-gunning is the only thing which has held up the Moors so far. It turns these subtle, cruel, and hardy men into a rout of panic-stricken blackamoors. Chaos often reigns after a Government bombing raid, only subdued by the old Spanish custom of picking out a few of the worst cases and shooting them.

Standing fast

WHATEVER the Government land forces may have done, it is obvious from any examination of these men and their machines and records that the air force has never given way an inch. It is on top.

Even if Madrid is taken, I was told, the air force will go back into Catalonia or elsewhere and carry on, intent only on winning and believing that they can do it. Plans had already been worked out for the evacuation of Getafe in such an eventuality as the fall of Madrid.

This supremacy is, of course, only achieved at a cost—as any such continual offensive action must be. When I had finished a two-hour tour of the aerodrome and my conversations with the various pilots, the machines I had seen starting out on the dawn patrol were coming in. Only two of the three Dewoitine fighters returned—and they were bullet riddled. One had charred marks on its wings where it had been struck with incendiary bullets which fortunately had not completed their work.

"A flight of Arados," explained one of the pilots briefly and grimly, as he stepped out of his machine. "Seven of them." But even outnumbered by these immensely superior machines they had gone into a "dog fight."

This particular pilot, a Frenchman, was due for leave after his morning's work, and he drove into Madrid with me in the car. On the way he told me more of what had happened. The man in the lost machine, a Spaniard, was driven down just as the Arados were finding the fight too hot for them and were sheering. He was forced to land in a field near some advanced Moorish troops.

The other two, with a free hand now, circled down, watching for an opportunity to land and pick him up. But it was no good. Still watching, they saw him step out of his machine, now only a few yards from the running Moors, draw a revolver and shoot himself.

"Why?" I asked.

He merely shrugged his shoulders and answered, quite calmly. "Well—if the Moors get you alive you die, anyway. But—they arrange it so that you take a long time to do it. And it is very painful. They don't like aeroplanes or aviators."

He told me that three weeks ago he and two others in his machine had survived a double crash of Breguet bombers. Their machines had come down near a town defended by Government troops, and so they were rescued all right, though one went to hospital. The other Breguet crashed a mile away nearer the Moors.

"Sad for them," he said laconically, "the militia found them after a sortie, but then it was much too late. They had been killed very horribly and then mutilated."

"*Enfin*," he concluded, "if you land and there is no hope, you shoot yourself."

Superior

HE, too, confirmed to me the enormous superiority which Franco possesses in machines and equipment due to lavish help from the Fascist countries. But he was not complaining about it. He was calmly confident that the Government air forces had more than held their own. Yet he said most of Franco's victories could be ascribed to his air arm.

"This war will be won in the air. If we got a square deal from England and France, who are keeping up this farce of "non-intervention"—if we got ever such a little help in the way of machines and equipment, we should win it. . . in spite of Franco and his generals, his land guns, and his black armies of murdering Moors."

"The Government's bombing is better" . . . here you see Fascists firing on Government 'planes which are bombing their positions

BRITISH *Klondyke* BUNK

by

STANLEY BISHOP

Prof. Herzog inspecting a chunk of rock on Moel Siabod

A MOUNTAIN of Gold in Wales. The headlines flared in national and north of England newspapers to this effect: "Moel Siabod. Richer than Klondyke: £98,000,000 Gold There, says Diviner"; "A Rich Gold Strike. Claimed to be Better than the Rand"; "Welsh Hills Rich in Gold."

Which from the point of view of real, hard scientific accuracy is *just so much bunkum.*

In order to put the public wise to this much-advertised newly discovered Welsh Eldorado, we propose to tell the truth of the whole business.

The supposed British Klondyke or Rand—or whatever one may like to call it—is at Dolwyddelan, a little slate-quarrying village, six miles from Bettws-y-Coed.

Near Dolwyddelan rises the scarred slope of "Moel Siabod"—The Bleak Mountain—a buttress to the grey majesty of Snowdon.

And here—if you are trustful and believing—is hidden gold beyond calculable value.

Search for gold at Dolwyddelan began with a Mr. J. D. Moffat, of North Road, Hythe, Kent. He read a book, written in far-back 1853 by a mining engineer of the name of Calvert.

Mention was made by the author that in certain Welsh investigations he had located gold traces in the million-year-old volcanic deposit which blankets the higher ridges of The Bleak Mountain.

So, with this impetus, Mr. Moffat started operations. Necessary finance was arranged through the Cheltenham Investment Co., Ltd., of Waterloo Place, S.W. Two highly competent mining engineers were sent to North Wales five months ago to test the possibilities.

Samples were taken and sent for assay to Birmingham. Reports were made. The average gold yield from the specimens was declared by Mr. Moffat to be 10 pennyweights to the ton.

Actually some samples were said to return no less than 13½ oz. to the ton—a remarkable figure.

Meanwhile a company—under the name of North Wales Gold, Ltd.—was formed to take over the concession from Mr. Moffat and the Cheltenham Investment Co. The capital of the new concern was £100,000, of which shares amounting to £99,998 have been issued, according to the files at Somerset House.

The name of Mr. Moffat does not appear as a director or shareholder in North Wales Gold, Ltd.

From the statement lodged with the Registry of Companies in lieu of a prospectus, it appears that all the issued shares are held by three individuals, two of whom are directors of the Cheltenham Investment Company. Both companies have offices at the same address in Waterloo Place, S.W.1.

UP to last week gold exploration had rested on the work of the two trained engineers stationed at Dolwyddelan.

Then there appeared the picturesque figure of no less a person than Professor Emerich Herzog, of Austria, described as the "King of the Dowsers," the man who is supposed to be able to detect precious metals, oil or water wherever they may exist by his patent divining rods and apparatus.

Professor Herzog with his shaggy grey hair, his fine moustache and his grey Tyrolean coat, descended from a cross-Channel aeroplane on this country towards the end of August.

Interesting details about his career were circulated among the newspapers, and to a large extent Professor Herzog was accepted at the valuation of that publicity.

He strutted into the news. He gave a broadcast from the B.B.C. He flew over Sussex and divined that oil existed in places where it was known already to lie—one up for the professor.

The good professor was invited to substantiate the gold in the mountain of Dolwyddelan.

With the two resident engineers and others in his train, he traversed the height of "Moel Siabod." For an elderly man the professor was exceptionally active. He manipulated his divining apparatus at various spots, and affirmed with assurity that gold existed in vast quantities.

Why, he even tasted gold. For he said: "It is here, I know. My throat is parched." Considering the climbing, the professor's was not the only parched throat. That was clearly shown when the expeditionary force returned to the village hotel in the early afternoon.

He picked up pieces of rock; peered at them through a magnifying glass, and declared they held gold. He dug his stick into the ground; wiped off the deposit on the ferrule, and found a speck of gold therein.

All excellent showmanship from the news angle, but nothing more.

Sitting in the hotel parlour, his perambulations complete, the Professor dilated on his discoveries. It should be mentioned that the Professor tasted gold on the return high road; his throat was again parched.

"Ten times richer than the Klondyke," was the verdict arrived at after about two hours of dowsing. "In fact," said the Professor, "there are spots of gold-bearing ground here which are each richer than the whole of Klondyke put together. This is the richest deposit of gold and silver I have ever seen. There is more silver here than can be found in the banks and shops of England, France, Germany, America and Mexico."

CALCULATIONS were made, and the professor surmised that, on the lowest reckoning, gold on the mountain amounted to 14,400,000 oz., equal in value to nearly £100,000,000.

If £200,000 was invested in exploiting the discovery, and 2,000 men were employed, the mountain would not be worked out in a century.

Statements like that made on the evidence of a morning's walk with divining rods and a magnifying glass are—as every scientific mining expert will agree—difficult to accept.

Naturally the professor charges fees for his labours and reports—twenty-five guineas; fifty guineas or much more, according to the importance of the work.

Since he came to England he has been inundated with requests from all parts of the country to do his dowsing. A profitable affair this dowsing under properly gauged publicity.

Now for some startling information: In the opinion of experts who know the district well, it is doubtful whether there is gold in The Bleak Mountain in any quantity sufficient to make the extracting of it a paying commercial proposition.

Money will be needed from the public if there is ever any serious effort to work the reputed gold at Dolwyddelan on a large scale.

Investors who may be approached should act with extreme caution. More than that it is unnecessary to say at the present stage of events.

Greatest of These

WAKE UP *and* HELP!

Lilian

OUR new wide-awake JOHN BULL calls upon its readers to wake up and take to heart the needs of this Fund, which seems lately to have fallen asleep.

This is all wrong, for it is a Fund such as no other paper runs, for every penny subscribed goes to the help of needy ex-Servicemen and their families. But it can't go on giving grants in excess of subscriptions received. Take the first two weeks of this month, when the donations totalled £10 0s. 7d. and £13 9s. 11d. respectively, whereas the grants for the same weeks amounted to £34 10s. and £27 10s.

This looks as if our ex-Servicemen are forgotten by our readers, yet their plight is very real. Take Lilian's dad, for whom we appeal this week.

He served all through the war, and suffered badly from mustard-gas. His pension ceased fifteen years ago upon his accepting a gratuity of £40. He has now developed tuberculosis, and is lying in hospital desperately ill. In his absence from home, his wife is receiving only 25s. a week on which to keep herself, Lilian and her eight-year-old brother, and find means to visit the eldest boy, aged fifteen, in hospital.

We ask our readers to give what they can, earmarked "Lilian," or for our hard-up General Fund, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's
Gums & Pastilles

The very moment it touches your tongue you know that flavour—ripe, plump, perfect plum. Then the next one will be tangerine, then strawberry, raspberry, apricot, lime, gooseberry, lemon or blackcurrant. Real, exact fruit flavours all!

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard.*
FRUIT PASTILLES *are medium.*

2D TUBES
3D PKTS.
6D PKTS.

'SO GOOD BETWEEN SMOKES'

Also try the luscious JUICY-FRUITS, *soft, in packets at 6d. ¼ lb.*

Gara/B

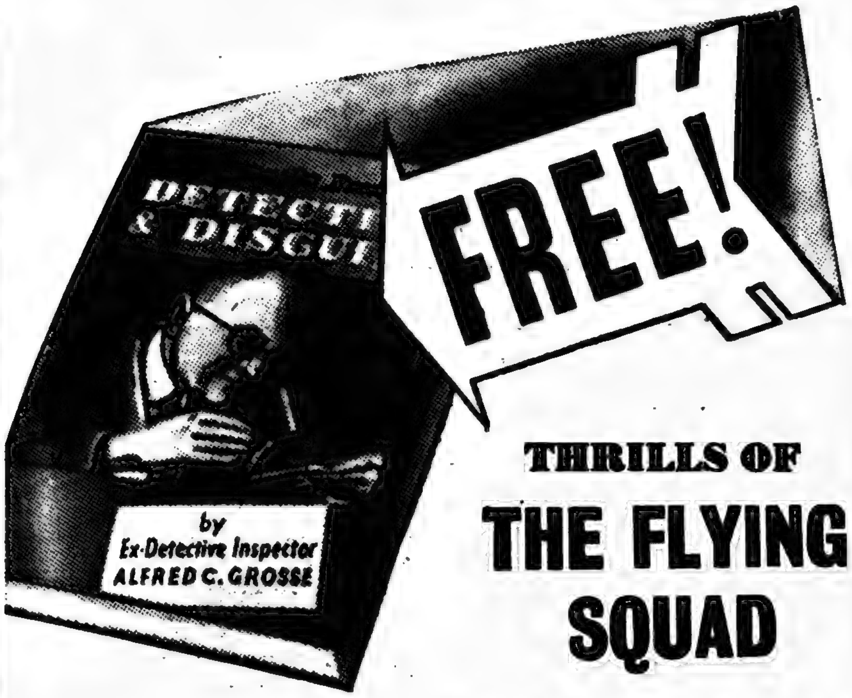
TRUST THE HOVIS BAKER
When you have sampled its delicious flavour and know how digestible and nourishing HOVIS can be, with its added wheat-germ, you will never go back to ordinary 'brown.'

Had your HOVIS *today?*

There is Strength In every Slice

Best Bakers Bake It

B108C



THRILLS OF

THE FLYING SQUAD

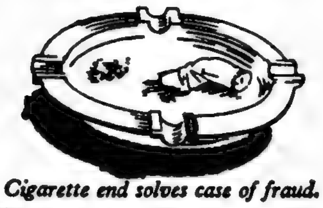
told by EX-CHIEF

IN THIS 128-PAGE BOOK!

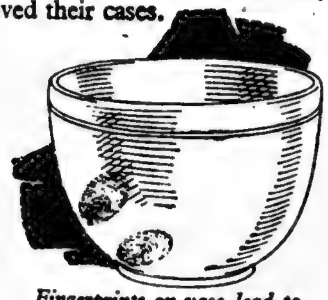
Clues! Mysteries! Disguises! Free Gifts!

Over 100 cash prizes for readers!

Ex-Det. Inspector Grosse, former chief of the Flying Squad, tells you all about the experiences of real detectives and how they solved their cases.



Cigarette end solves case of fraud.



Fingerprints on vase lead to Jewel thieves arrest.

Perforation on postage stamp discloses attempted insurance fraud by jeweller.

Few can resist the fascination of detective science—the thrills of sleuthing! And now here is a book written by one of the most famous of real-life detectives—a man at the head of his profession — ex-Det. Inspector Grosse, a former chief of the Flying Squad. It is a little mine of new and absorbing information. Ex-Inspector Grosse writes of the secrets and thrills of the Flying Squad — adventures more gripping than any fiction. And, on the lighter side, you can have lots of fun at parties trying out the effect of various disguises (comic and otherwise) described in the book, and working out the many ingenious "test cases" and mysteries it explains. There are also over 100 cash prizes offered to readers. And the book is FREE! You get it just by sending in the Quaker figure (trade mark) cut from two packets of Quaker Oats or *Quick* Quaker. Get yours right away!

CUT OUT AND POST THIS COUPON *To-day!*

To Dept. J.B. 1, QUAKER OATS, LTD.,
Southall, Middlesex.

I enclose the Quaker figures cut from the front of two packets of Quaker Oats (or *Quick* Quaker). Please send me my free copy of the MASTER BOOK OF DETECTION AND DISGUISE.

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

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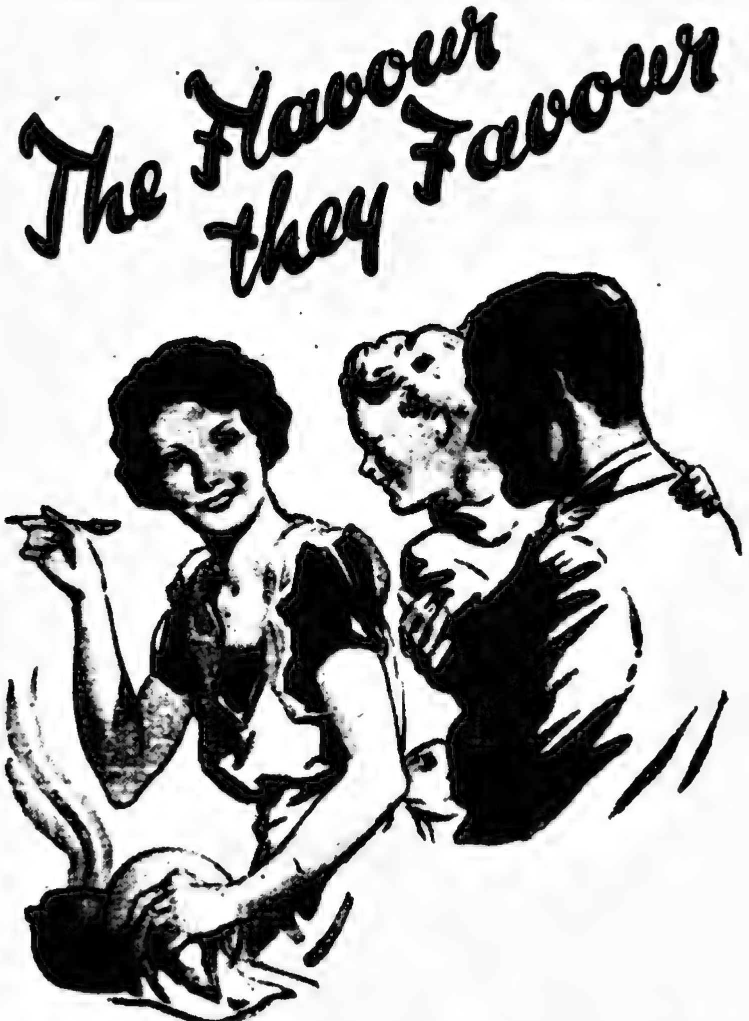
Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope.

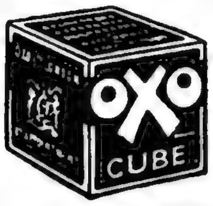
Offer applies in Great Britain and N. Ireland only 249



Everyone will notice the improvement in richness and flavour in your stews, soups and meat dishes generally if you add Oxo Cubes.

For Oxo makes *good* cooking even *better*. It provides the essential food-substances of prime beef in concentrated form—it increases nutrition—aids digestion—makes the meal more appetising and attractive.

Oxo dishes are economical as well as tasty. There are many excellent savouries you can make, easily and cheaply, with Oxo Cubes and *even the simplest ingredients.*



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1169 OTHER PRIZES

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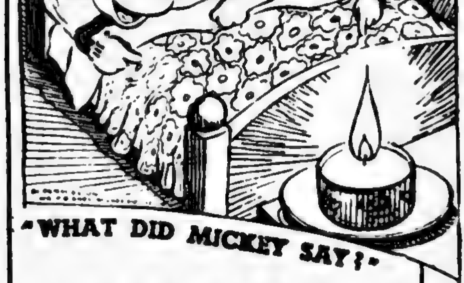
or write for one to Price's, Box No. 36, Sowell Road, Battersea, S.W.11

★

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

In the Entry Form you will find a strip cartoon adventure of Mickey Mouse. Everything is complete — except the final remark of Mickey Mouse. WHAT DID MICKEY SAY? Your version, *in rhyme*, may bring you one of the many wonderful prizes. Just two lines — that's all. Prizes will be awarded for the cleverest and most apt couplets about Price's Night Lights.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on the special Entry Form and be accompanied by a Mickey Mouse tuck-in tab from a 10-light carton, or else ten single-light carton tops. Prizewinners will be notified direct on Dec. 16th.


THIS LIGHT'S A CHARM! IT KEEPS ALL FRIGHTS AWAY
I SHALL SLEEP LIKE A LOG NOW I KNOW YOU'RE ON
?
MICKEY! THAT LIGHT IS A REAL BRIGHT IDEA
I BET YOU THAT NOTHING WILL DARE TO COME NEAR
"WHAT DID MICKEY SAY?"

CLOSING DATE
14TH NOVEMBER, 1936!

PRICE'S MICKEY MOUSE NIGHT LIGHTS

This Competition applies only to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Supt. Hambrook's Most Baffling Case

DYING Woman SHIELDS Her MURDERER

THE most determined, inflexible woman I ever met in the course of my police experience was the victim of a murder.

She was Miss Margery Wren, the octogenarian keeper of a Ramsgate sweet-stuff shop. This woman was attacked in the kitchen behind her shop and brutally beaten about the head. Her injuries were terrible. But she had such an iron constitution and such an indomitable will that she lived five days lying in the Town Hospital.

Her survival for that time amazed the doctors. A woman of that age suffering such injury should have normally died within a few hours. Margery Wren *kept* herself alive.

During her periods of consciousness she made many fragmentary statements about what had happened. She knew full well the identity of her assailant, but she would never give his name.

What she did do, however—whether deliberately or not one can never tell—was to supply a number of false trails.

Even when she was on the threshold of death she would not speak. A magistrate and the clerk to the justices were by her side ready to take down her dying deposition.

When this poor woman looked round at the group by the bed it was plain from her expression that her mind was perfectly clear. She knew what we wanted and she whispered "I do not wish to make a statement. I have seen my doctor and the vicar. I have had Communion. I know I am going home, but I do not wish him to suffer. He must bear his sins. There has been a misunderstanding. . . ."

After that the words trailed away into incoherence.

It was a call from the Chief Constable of Ramsgate to the C.I.D. at New Scotland Yard which sent me and Det.-Sergeant Carson down to the seaside town to take over investigations into the case of the woman who would not tell.

Miss Margery Wren, the victim, and "the most determined, inflexible woman I ever met"

> WE went to Ramsgate three days after Miss Wren had been found injured in her house and taken to the hospital.

From my first interview with the Chief Constable I obtained an outline of what had happened.

Margery Wren, the Chief told me, was eighty-two. For two years she had lived alone in her tuckshop in Church Road, Ramsgate. Formerly, she and her maiden sister, Jane Wren, jointly kept the shop, and when Jane died Margery Wren carried on the little business alone. The sisters had lived in the shop about fifty years and were well known.

Between them they possessed some small house property and on the death of Jane the whole estate passed to Margery. She was never a communicative woman, but to various people whom she knew well she had dropped a hint that, in addition to the house property, she had about one thousand pounds invested in Government stock and also that she kept money in tin boxes about the house—some in the gas-oven in the kitchen and some in an upstairs cupboard.

For all her possessions, this old woman frequently pleaded poverty, complaining that it was difficult for her to secure money to which she was entitled, that she found it a hard business, indeed, to exist. She even used to go to a charity soup kitchen in the town for her basin of soup.

She had made a will in which she had bequeathed most of her possessions to a cousin who had shown the old woman little acts of kindness for which she was grateful.

Understandable that, with a woman of her disposition, living alone in her tiny shop, there should grow up in the district around the idea that Margery Wren was a miser and that her hoarded money was hidden in secret places about the shop premises.

The attack on Miss Wren was committed about 5.30 on the afternoon of Saturday, September 20, 1930, and was discovered by a little girl named Ellen Marvell in dramatic circumstances.

When I took over the case I was able to trace without much difficulty the victim's movements up to a short time before the man who murdered her came to that musty little shop. At 3.30 a coal dealer delivered half a hundredweight to Miss Wren, who was then in her usual health and spirits.

She said, "I'll let you know when I want any more," and as the dealer left the door of the shop was shut behind him, but not bolted.

> LATER she was seen at 5.15 by some children, who had been to the cinema at which the principal picture was "Welcome Danger," which featured Harold Lloyd. This picture finished at 4.50 and the children on their return home were in front of Miss Wren's shop and they saw her hand something to a woman customer.

Ellen Marvell, who was twelve years old and a very intelligent child, arrived at her home immediately opposite the Wren shop at 5.35. At five minutes past six little Ellen was sent by her mother across the way to buy a blancmange powder, and I will relate what followed as the child told it to me.

"I tried to open the shop door," said Ellen, "but found it locked. I can generally open the door. This time, as I could not do so, I rattled the door so as to ring the bell which hangs inside. I looked through the glass pane and saw Miss Wren sitting in her chair in the back room.

"I thought it funny, because her hair was down her back and she was not wearing the cap she usually has. I rattled the door again and then Miss Wren got up from her chair and came and unfastened the door.

"When she did so I saw she had blood running down her face and there were marks on her face like bruises. I said, 'Whatever have you done, Miss Wren,' but all she said was 'What do you want?'

"She could not speak very plainly, only whisper. I told her I wanted a blancmange powder. She did not seem to understand and I tried to make her understand what kind of powder I wanted. She kept on asking me if it was raspberry, although I told her several times I wanted vanilla. Then she went behind the counter and put four or five packets down near the scales and said 'Take the one you want.'

> "MY father, who had been waiting for me to return home, as he wanted to go to the pictures with mother, called out, 'Come on, Ellen, you're a long time.' I shouted, 'Come and look at Miss Wren, her face is covered in blood.' My father came across and asked Miss Wren how long it had been done and she said faintly, 'A quarter of an hour.'

"She also said she had had a tumble. My father told me to fetch Dr. Archibald, and my friend Jessie Langton went for the police. I ran indoors first and told my mother, and then went for the doctor, while my mother ran over to the shop and bathed Miss Wren's head."

When Mrs. Marvell asked what had happened, Miss Wren pointed to the fire-tongs which were lying on the carpet near a pool of blood, and close by was the cap she always wore indoors."

Mr. and Mrs. Marvell did all they could to assist the injured woman. They led her into the back room and placed her on a chair and sent for Mrs. Cook, the cousin, who arrived a short time afterwards.

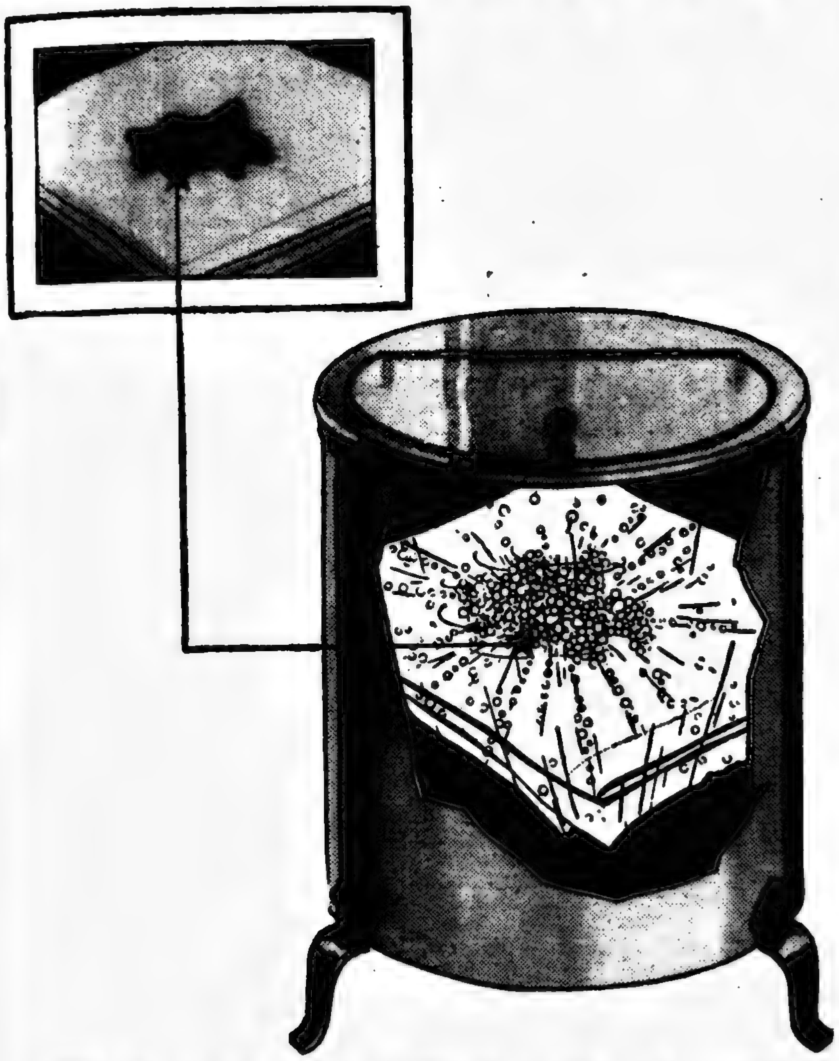
(*Continued on page 30*)

NESTLÉ'S MILK

has extra cream

The moment Persil soapsuds meet dirt or stains

they go for every speck with LIVING OXYGEN!



THAT CLEANSING ACTION GOES ON UNTIL EVERY TRACE OF DIRT HAS GONE!

The minute Persil soapsuds touch dirt—it's like a miracle! Instantly they are seething round, soaking into it. In next to no time they've chased every speck of dirt away, leaving just clean pure fabric—fresh as the day you bought it. The reason is, Persil's soapsuds contain live oxygen. As soon as they come in contact with dirt that cleansing oxygen streams forth—active oxygen with which no trace of dirt can live! That's the secret of Persil's extraordinary cleansing powers. That's why Persil gets everything so radiantly white—as no ordinary washing can possibly do.

Persil The Amazing Oxygen Washer

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LET BOOTS DO THE WORRYING

It may be temper, it may be teeth—but anyway it gives cause for momentary anxiety. Should medicine prove necessary you can rest assured that Boots will make up the prescription with all the speed and accuracy essential to your peace of mind. And the purity and freshness of every ingredient used you can take for granted—thanks to the vigilant control of Boots analytical laboratories.

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

CVS—86

Don't worry!
This dish is
always ready

When a prompt decision is necessary, when the meal must be tasty and attractive, and, of course, sustaining and satisfying, then you can't do better than to serve Libby's Cooked Corned Beef.

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THE NAME Libby's IS YOUR GUARANTEE
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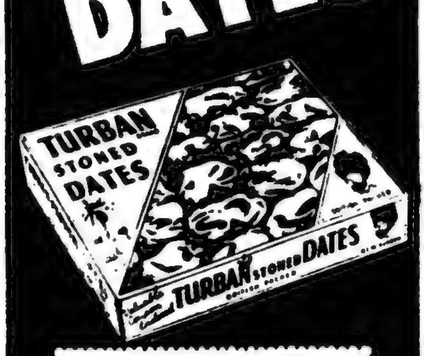

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TURBAN STONED DATES

You will enjoy these selected Dates *already stoned,* and so convenient to use.

INSIST ON THE BEST ALWAYS
TURBAN FRUITS
PACKED IN ENGLAND

Continuing Supt. Hambrook's Most Baffling Case

When Dr. Archibald saw Miss Wren she said she had tripped over the tongs and asked if she were going to die, while to Police Constable Arthur she explained that she had fallen over a poker.

She was taken to the hospital on an ambulance, where she was again visited by Dr. Archibald, who begged her from time to time to say what had happened.

At first she insisted that she had fallen, but later she described how a man caught her by the throat, and set about her with the fire-tongs. She mentioned several names, which were noted down, but it seemed evident to the doctor that Margery Wren was trying to screen somebody.

"He has escaped," she once said, "and you will never get him. *He had a white bag.*"

Of course, from the moment Miss Wren entered the hospital she was never left unattended. It was felt by the police that an officer should be constantly on the spot in the event of the woman deciding to give—if she was fully able—a consecutive account which would solve the mystery of that mean, little sweet-stuff shop.

By the date that I arrived in Ramsgate Miss Wren was more or less comatose. The doctors reported she was dying and would never be able to talk rationally to me.

I had placed before me for my consideration the different fragmentary observations the woman had made to local police officers. There was one taken down by Inspector Baldwin of Ramsgate in which Miss Wren persisted in declaring that her injuries were due to an accidental fall.

"I was sitting," she said, "in the armchair in the back room, right opposite the door leading to the shop. I came over giddy and down I went. I was all stiff and could not get up. I tried to pull myself up on to the chair and in the end I managed to do so. No strangers came to see me. After the accident I went and locked the door, as I did not want anybody to see me in that state."

But to a policewoman Miss Wren entirely amended her account. "Nobody hit me, as I have no enemies," she began, and then drifted on differently. "There were two of them set about me. If I had not had my cap on they would have smashed my brain-box with the tongs.

Little Ellen Marvell, who found the battered woman, gave the alarm

MYSTERY of Six SUSPECTS

"ONE said, 'Now I have got you I will do you in.' I was sitting in the armchair in the parlour when they came in. One grabbed me by the jaw from behind and threw me down, and they both sat upon me. I did not really see them—only the wild eyes of one of them when he was smashing at my head. There was a knocking at the shop door and then they made their escape."

The Chief Constable of Ramsgate had himself tactfully questioned Miss Wren, but without much success. He asked her if she knew who had injured her. "Do you know the man?" said the Chief Constable, and Miss Wren replied "Yes." But she refused to divulge anything more.

Remember, it was extraordinarily difficult for the police to endeavour to cross-examine this dying eighty-year-old woman. Whenever there was any persistency she would lapse into incoherence and semi-consciousness.

Miss Wren died on the day following my arrival at Ramsgate and on my suggestion Sir Bernard Spilsbury was asked to make the post-mortem.

He told me that it was quite impossible for Miss Wren's injuries to have been caused by a fall. There was extensive bruising on her face and eight wounds, some lacerated and others punctured, on her head.

Abrasions and bruises on the front and side of the neck and fractures and bruises in and around the windpipe pointed to Miss Wren having been grasped by a strong hand with considerable violence in an attempt at strangulation.

All injuries on the face and top of the head were caused by blows with a blunt object, and there was no reasonable doubt that the tongs on the parlour hearth were used as the weapon. Two wounds on the head corresponded accurately in their distance from each other with the two knobs on the handle of the tongs.

When we examined these tongs we found hairs upon them. Under the microscope these hairs were similar in colour, texture and dimensions to the hair on Miss Wren's head.

Naturally, we visited Miss Wren's shop on several occasions, searching everywhere for anything that might help us to trace the murderer. Really those visits were most unpleasant. I scarcely ever remember going into living-rooms in such a dirty state.

Miss Wren was past housework in the latter years of her life and had allowed her home to degenerate into a shocking state. We had to spray disinfectant and vermin-killer about the rooms whenever we went in.

I had to pursue all my enquiries handicapped by the very conflicting statements the old woman had given in hospital These ramblings covered several foolscap sheets and contained the names of various people who might conceivably have been connected with the crime.

My imperative duty was to see each one of these people and clear up any doubt. Some of them were not within miles of Ramsgate at the time of the murderous attack, and others who lived near were able to establish that they had no share in the tragedy. These allegations and insinuations of a dying woman must have occasioned great pain to many innocent folk.

In the earlier part of this account I refer to a statement by the woman, "he had a white bag." I found that man with the white bag. He was a soldier and the white bag was the one in which he carried his kit. He was on leave in Ramsgate and had—I have no reason to doubt—passed Miss Wren's shop carrying his kit-bag and she took notice of him.

AFTERWARDS, when her mind was hovering on the brink of delusions, she recalled that significant white bag and mentioned it.

The soldier "with the white bag" talked freely to me when I interrogated him and, of course, I checked up everything he said. There was no evidence to connect him with the murder. He was just one of the individuals caught into the net of our enquiry.

Names of people obviously cannot be mentioned in relation to a murder case unless a charge be made.

Consequently, I can only refer to people by the identification of letters as was done at the inquest on Margery Wren.

Towards the end of our work we had six possible "suspects," and I use the word "suspect" in its most elastic sense. My searches proved conclusively that A, B and C had each a complete alibi.

Regarding the remaining three, the position was not quite so satisfactory. Their alibis were only confirmed and reliable up to a point, but beyond that point there was no direct testimony for or against them.

One of those three—D, E or F—is the murderer of Margery Wren. He went to her shop on the evening of that September day determined to kill and rob her, believing, possibly, that there was a much greater hoard in the house than actually existed.

HE crept into the shop and locked the door, he stole upon the old woman, who was dozing in her chair. He tried to strangle her and then as she struggled cast her down and seized the tongs.

Fiercely he battered her face and head. Just at that moment someone must have come to the shop and tried the door. The noise of the knocking alarmed the murderer.

He slipped out through the back way and was hidden in the yard until he made good his escape. If he had not been disturbed he would have hunted through the house until he found the old woman's money in the tin boxes.

By the strength of her will-power the old woman—desperately wounded as she was—pulled herself back into her chair and was sitting there when Ellen Marvell called at the shop.

I have no doubt that when Ellen Marvell was crossing from her house to the shop the murderer was hastening down the roadway to make good his escape.

To some extent there is a missing link in this theory. We never found out who disturbed the murderer at his work. Quite possibly it was a child playing a trick upon the strange old woman.

Certainly it was not Ellen Marvell, for the girl was so clear in her recollection that, looking through the door, she saw Miss Wren in the armchair and nobody else was present.

We could not make an arrest in this case of the Ramsgate shop murder. We had, as I have indicated, certain evidence against an individual, but it was not enough to warrant a charge.

Beyond all else, I believe that Miss Wren knew who was her murderer. It was someone for whom she had a regard and affection and, therefore, although she had been injured unto death, she would not give the name of this man.

Next Week

Murder Without a Body

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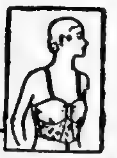

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SLIP...SLITHER... CRASH!

No, this isn't a graphic account of a motor car accident, but what so often happens if you clean your false teeth over a basin with a scrubbing brush ! Nothing is more unpleasant than trying to hold a greasy denture in your fingers—nothing makes you *dislike* wearing false teeth more than this messy way of trying to clean them.

But your denture won't slip through your fingers if you use the up-to-date Milton method of cleaning false teeth, because Milton doesn't need a slippery scrubbing brush. All you've got todo is to pour a few drops of Milton fluid into a glass of cold water. Put your teeth in when you go to bed—and in the morning—well —you'll be surprised ! . . . And why ? . . . Because Milton will have cleaned your denture while you slept. Milton removes every particle of food and every stain, and gives your plate that feeling of freshness that cleaning with a scrubbing brush can never do.

Here's someone who not only uses Milton, but gets real pleasure out of it, too. H. J. W. writes from London :—

" I should like to add that I use Milton regularly for cleaning artificial teeth, and am thoroughly pleased with it. In fact I might say that Milton adds a new pleasure to life."

Milton's a wonderful thing—get a bottle to-day !

My Big Story—by Registered Reader No. S769,675

CRY IN THE NIGHT

The street in which I stood was dimly lit. I had arrived at 5, Harold Grove to interview Mr. Haigh, a JOHN BULL *registered reader.*

Mr. Haigh came to the door himself in answer to my knock. He asked me into his kitchen, where his pretty wife sat by a cheery fire knitting. It was a serene and comfortable atmosphere.

"I don't think I've ever had any very exciting adventure," Mr. Haigh began. "I'm just an ordinary sort of working man." He paused and reflected for a while. Then he said suddenly, "But hold on a minute. I do remember once just after the war an incident that happened while I was at the seaside. But nobody, even my wife, knows anything about it."

"Don't mind me, dear," Mrs. Haigh said, looking up from her knitting and smiling. "What is this secret you've been keeping from me?"

And the following is the story I heard :—

AS George stepped out into the wild night he wondered why he did so. It had been his intention to spend the evening in his boarding-house reading, but no sooner had he settled himself in an armchair in the lounge than he had been overcome with an inexplicable compulsion to go out.

Normally George was not superstitious, indeed his war experience in the Navy had made him a realist, but this evening he could not help thinking that there was something very queer about the way he felt.

Like thousands of other ex-Servicemen, George had returned home to find the labour market overcrowded with unemployed men, and for months afterwards he searched Leeds, where he lived with his people, for work in vain.

Despairing at length of ever finding a job, he decided to work on his own account.

HAVING had some experience as a bill-poster before he joined the Navy, George finally succeeded in making several useful contacts, and at last secured enough work to enable him to live.

As time passed his little business prospered, and recently, as the result of obtaining a big contract, it had improved beyond his wildest dreams. Overwork from this had, however, impaired his health; that was why on the advice of his doctor he had come to the seaside for the week-end.

There were few people about when George reached the pier and what few there were appeared to be hurrying home to escape the wind.

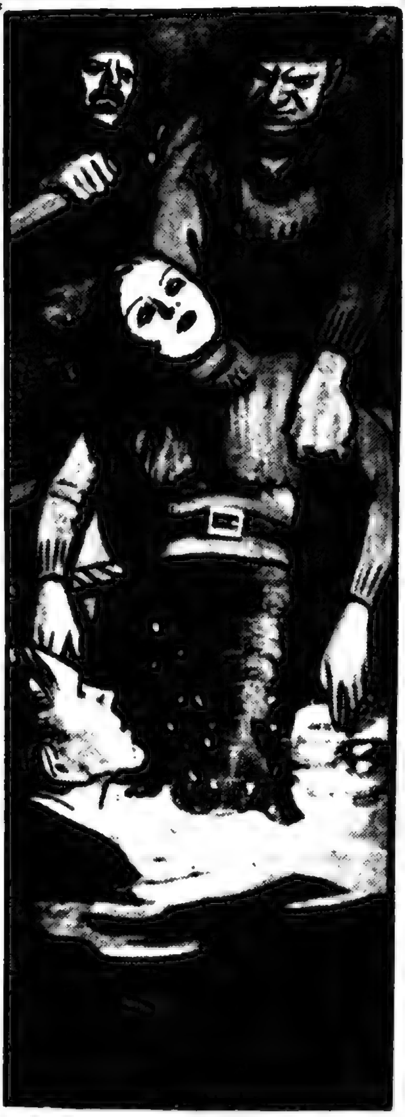
Following a party of high-spirited young people, George walked slowly to the end of the pier. Before he had gone many yards the strange feeling he had had on leaving his lodgings returned to puzzle him.

Suddenly the piercing scream of a woman startled George. For a moment he stood up and listened, then when he heard a loud splash in the water followed by another scream, he ran to where a small crowd of people were congregated several yards away.

When he reached them he beheld an hysterical girl beating her chest and screaming :

" Why don't you do something? Why don't you do something? "

Pushing his way through the crowd and trembling with excitement, George looked over the edge of the pier, and as the moon came out he saw the head of a girl in the water. Fearless of the consequences, he stripped off his coat and leapt into the sea. Rising to the surface later, he gasped for breath. The water was icy cold.



"It's all right," a voice said, "leave go—we've got her"

Then, looking around, he saw the girl, about ten yards away, struggling valiantly to keep afloat.

Swimming frantically towards her, he wondered whether or not he would be in time to save her from drowning. With a heavy sea running, however, he seemed to make little headway, and for a time it appeared that he would be too late.

But, with a superhuman effort, he forged ahead and finally reached the girl just as she was about to sink, apparently for the last time.

Turning on his back, he grabbed her hair, and as he kicked out he was considerably relieved to find that she had lost consciousness.

Striking out towards the pier, he made desperate efforts to drag the girl to safety, but as the minutes passed he was alarmed to feel the strength leaving his body, and with the water running up his nose and in his mouth, he doubted his ability to keep afloat much longer.

Gasping and groaning, he frantically kicked his legs in the sea, inwardly praying as he did so for strength.

ON the pier people were shouting: "Hold on, a boat's coming to you."

This good news calmed George. All he had to do now was to keep above water and both of them would be saved. But how he did this he didn't know. For as he rode up and down on the waves waiting for the boat he felt his body going numb. In only a few minutes he would lose all sense of feeling, then everything would be lost.

During the brief period that followed he thought about death. He wondered whether it would end all. Being so young, it was terrible to think that he must leave the world before he had had a chance to see more of it. But as he grew weaker these reflections didn't seem to matter any more.

He became tired, so tired that all he wanted to do was to relax and slee What did it matter if he never woke u again? Just then he was aroused b the sound of voices and splashing oar These had the effect of renewing h strength, and taking a firmer grip upo the girl before him, he clenched his teeth and kicked his legs with renewed vigour

He was wide awake now, and befor him in the moonlight he saw the pal wet face of the girl. Was she still alive If not, it would seem that all his effor and sacrifice had been in vain.

Just then he was overjoyed to s arms reach out over him, and lookin up he saw the anxious faces of peopl in a boat.

"It's all right," a voice said. "Leav go—we've got her."

Releasing the girl from his grip George turned over, and coming to a upright position in the water, he sa her body being dragged into the boat.

Then, when she was safe, two pairs o eager arms reached out and grabbe him. Out of the water, George's body appeared suddenly to have trebled it weight. For a few moments, as he la in the bottom of the boat, his min ceased to function.

WHEN he came to he found himself trembling all over and feeling as if he ha just been taken from the refrigerato While people were rubbing his hands an face, he enquired whether the girl w still alive.

" She seems to be," somebody said.

Then, while the crowd were conce trated on the prostrate girl near by, h slipped away unnoticed.

That night, as he lay in bed, he wa kept awake by a stabbing pain in th chest and for two or three days afte wards he lingered between life an death.

It wasn't until he had fully recovere that he learned that the girl he ha saved from the sea was safe and well.

But the ironical part of his adventur was that, when he returned to Leed he discovered that owing to his illnes the contract for which he had worked so hard had been given to somebody else

George has often wondered since whether the strange feeling he had on that eventful night was the influence of some inexplicable force which led him to the spot where the girl had fallen into the water

CONRAD PHILLIPS, short story writer, is visiting "John Bull" Registered Readers in their homes, and writing the thrill of their lives into true short stories.

This story happened to Mr. George Haigh, of 5, Harold Grove, Leeds, to whom £5 5s. will be sent.

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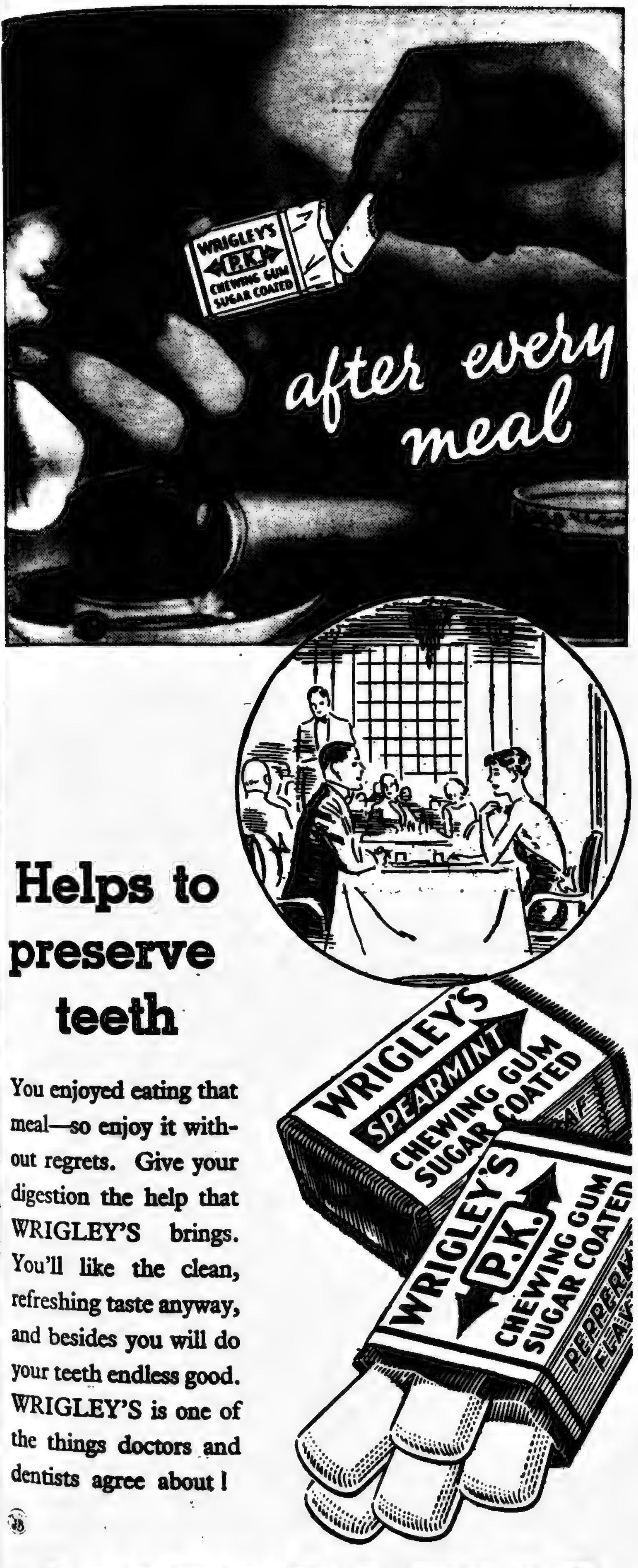
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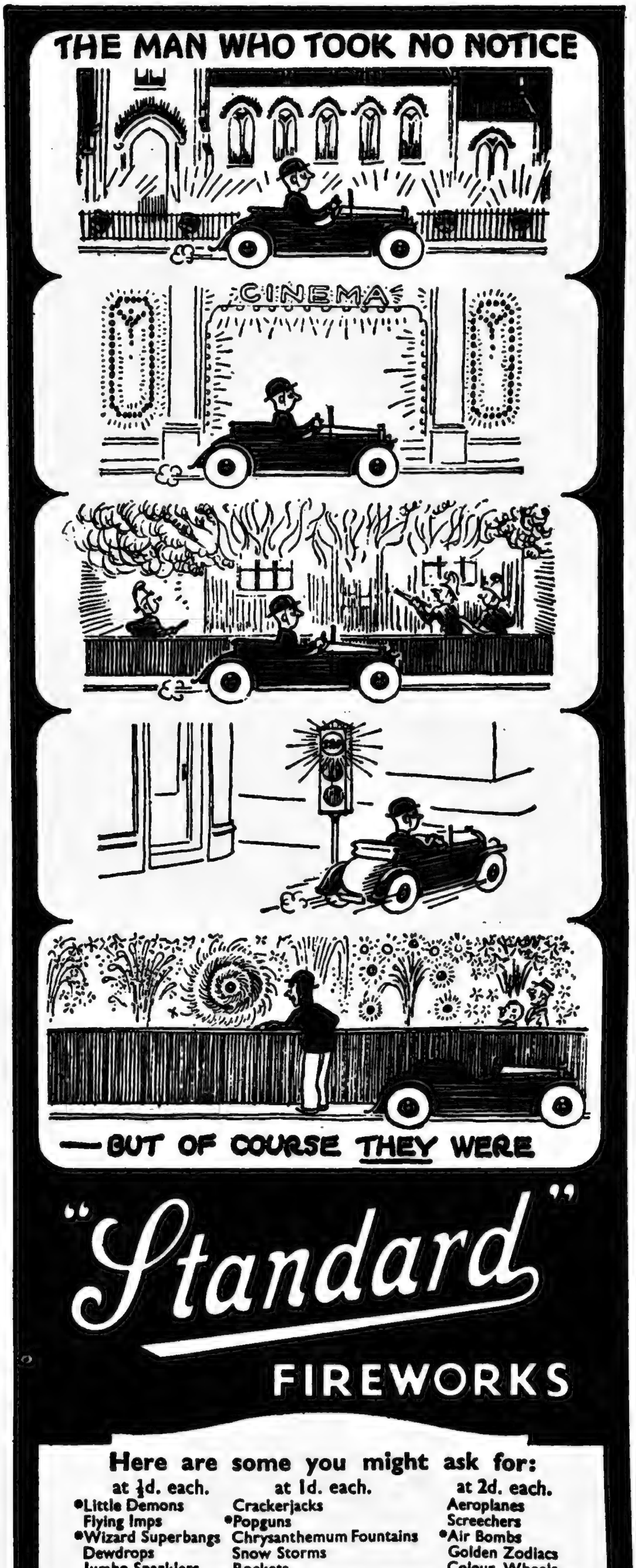
AIDS DIGESTION — FRESHENS THE MOUTH



THE MAN WHO TOOK NO NOTICE

—BUT OF COURSE THEY WERE

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Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

CONSTIPATION
Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all Chemists: Prices 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.

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Human Documents
by
Philip Inman

His work brings him in contact with the opposite sex—his wife must not let her jealousy ruin him; she must conquer it

Jealous WIFE is Ruining her MAN'S Career

THE curse of jealousy is indeed a curse. Many of my readers tell me how the green-eyed monster is spoiling their homes and ruining their lives.

"I have been married eighteen years," says one man, "and we have a family of five, ranging from eight to sixteen years. During the course of my work I have to come in contact with all classes of people, with whom, I am glad to say, I am on the most friendly terms. But my wife has the idea that I pay too much attention to the opposite sex.

"She is very jealous, and I can never be seen in the company of a woman, even in broad daylight, without the onslaught of my wife. I have a very comfortable home and have toiled to provide a good education for the children, but her attitude is making it impossible for me to continue living with her.

"Should I retire from my present occupation and risk unemployment to satisfy my wife's desires? Or should I separate from her and make her an allowance? There can never be peace where there is jealousy, and even if I move away from her I fear that it would not do any good.

"She has no reason to distrust me, for I never go out at night and do not attend social functions, such as dances. The only time I have any contact with women is in the course of my work."

Now this man has put certain questions to me. Should he give up his present employment to appease his wife? I take it that he is satisfied with his work and wages. In that case, my answer is, certainly not. He may find it difficult to get a new position. But even if he did, there is no assurance that the trouble would cease.

Then, should he seek a separation? That would be hardly fair to him. By dint of hard work he has acquired a comfortable home. And it would mean his making a completely new start. Nor would it be fair to his family. They are of an age when they need a father's care and protection.

The one to tackle is his wife. She must be made to see how unreasonable is her attitude. "You have no grounds for your fears and suspicions," he should say, "for I want nothing else in the world but you, our children and our home." That should set any doubts she may have at rest.

My correspondent can help further. He could refrain from talking about the members of the opposite sex he meets at his work. In this way he would remove the fuel from the fire. And without any kindling it would soon die out.

◆◆◆

IF, in spite of these things, this insane jealousy should persist, then more drastic measures will have to be employed. I think the very threat of a separation would be sufficient to eradicate the trouble. No wife would risk the loss of her husband and home on such flimsy grounds. It would, I believe, lead to her exercising more self-control and in that way her unfounded fears will be subdued.

I fear jealousy is mainly responsible for my next problem. A woman reader sends me this letter:

"My husband died seven years ago, leaving me with three children. As time went on I became very lonely and sad until I met a man who has now asked me to become his wife. I feel sure life would be happier with him, but I have a son of twenty-one years who has left me and gone to live in lodgings because of my association with this man. Last evening my boy came in to see me and said he would come back to me if I would give up this man.

"The two other children have told me not to throw him over, and although I love my son, I love this man, too. He has bought a very nice home for me, and when I met him I felt life was worth while once more, but now I can see everything being broken up, even my heart.

"What would you advise me to do? Send the man away and stick to my son or cling to the man and possibly lose my son altogether? I have had a very unhappy life, although I have always tried to do my duty."

I can understand the attitude of that son. He remembers his father and he does not want any other man to take his place. All the same, I think he is acting rather selfishly.

Let us put it the other way round. He may wish to marry himself one day. And he would not want his mother to raise objections in the way he is doing. Has my correspondent pointed out these things to him? She can emphasise that it is not because she loves her children less but because she has a right to live her own life that she is considering this offer of a second marriage.

I hope this argument will make her son see things in a sensible light. But if not, my correspondent is entitled to follow her own inclinations. She tells me that she loves this man and he loves her, and that they are sure they can be happy together.

That seems to settle the issue. She has devoted many years to the upbringing of her children, and she has had to encounter much sorrow and many hardships. She deserves the happiness that has come into her life. And if her son is kind and wise, he will put his own feelings aside and be glad for her sake.

◆◆◆

JEALOUSY is a double-edged weapon. It often hurts the victim just as much as the one upon whom it is vented. Listen to the plaint of this young man:

"For the past few months my mind has been in a terrible state. I can't concentrate on my work, am not eating and even find it difficult to sleep. When I do eventually doze off, I have terrible dreams, and all day I feel restless.

"The trouble started when I met the girl I am now courting. She is very fond of going to dances and parties where there are young fellows, and although she has told me that none of them interests her, there is always a doubt in my mind. If she mentions anything about another young man I have a hor rible feeling that sh would rather be wi them than with me, al though she says that sh loves me and is willin to marry me.

"If I see her talking to some oth fellow I feel that I could kill him. have not mentioned this to her, becaus I am afraid of what she might think o say. What am I to do?"

What havoc this demon jealousy ca cause! In the case of this young ma it is affecting both his health and hi work. And if he does not pull himse together, it will spoil his entire life.

In one thing he has been wise—h has kept his feelings from his girl. she knew, it is likely she would bre off the relationship. Then he mig have something to worry about.

◆◆◆

SHE has told my correspondent th she loves him and is willing marry him. What more can he e pect or desire?

He talks about her going to dan and parties where there are other you fellows. Then why should he not lea dancing himself so that he can go wi her and join in the fun? He would g used to seeing her sometimes with oth men and she would see him with oth girls. That should help to broaden h outlook on life. And when he sees f himself that he has no real cause f his suspicious feelings, they will soo disappear.

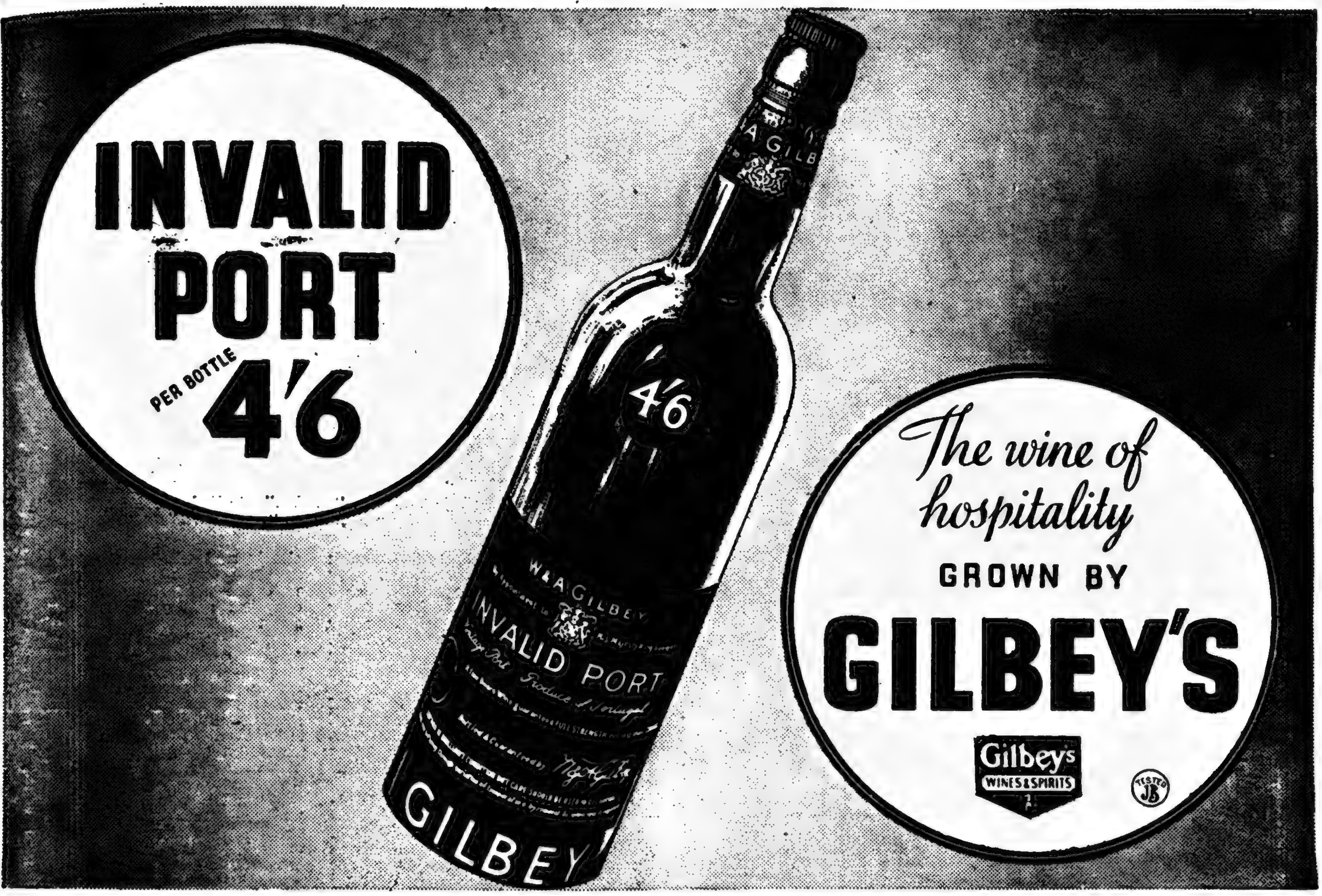
Jealousy, like every other fear, can b overcome. Man has the power with himself to say, "I will have no mo of it." And he, as well as everyone el is happier when that stage is reached.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosin stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid fo each letter quoted.

H-I-S-T!

We can't shout this from the housetops, because it is so good. This is just to let you know that JOHN BULL next week will announce the most thrilling Christmas Surprise yet to be planned for the parents and children. Look out for it—coming next week.

Brandy...
MARTELL
... has
SO MANY USES
With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!


INVALID PORT
PER BOTTLE 4/6
4/6
W&A GILBEY
INVALID PORT
GILBEY
The wine of hospitality
GROWN BY
GILBEY'S
Gilbeys WINES & SPIRITS

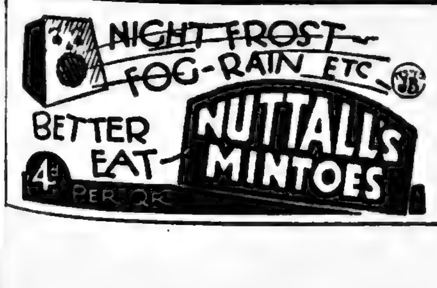
Just as Mash goes with Sausages—

sausages go better with

HP SAUCE

You put H.P. Sauce on the dinner table, of course. But have you tried it at breakfast? It tempts the appetite, helps the digestion and gives new zest to sausages, bacon, ham, etc.

9D a bottle — Picnic Size 3d.


NIGHT FROST
FOG-RAIN ETC
BETTER EAT
NUTTALL'S MINTOES
4D PER QR

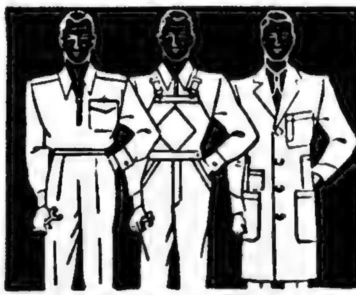
LYBRO P.E.P.

Shop Jackets. 3/11, 4/11.

PLANNED
ECONOMIC
PRODUCTION

means better value!

Pep is the word that sums up a miracle of method in manufacturing. To carry it out a whole factory was re-organised. Prices remain unaltered but new value has been put into the garments. You pay your old price and get an even better garment than before. See them. Handle them. Judge them. Ask your outfitter to show you these Lybro 'better-value' overalls.



Lybro Workshirts. Zip or button fronts. 3/11 & 4/11.

Lybro Bib Overalls. 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 6/6.

Lybro Coverall Coats. 5/-, 6/6, 8/11.

LYBRO overalls

—fitting for every job!

WORKWEAR LTD., LYBRO WORKS, LIVERPOOL 7.

WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLOND HAIR NOW, DARLING!

New shampoo-Rinse safely prevents Light-Blond hair from Darkening— MAKES MOUSY, BROWNISH HAIR

2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

Her hair was once as gleamingly light and golden as her little daughter's, but, like all blond hair that has been neglected, it darkened, became brownish and dull. Then she used STA·BLOND the wonderful shampoo and rinse *all-in-one* specially made for natural blond hair. Quickly her hair became shades lighter and regained the beautiful natural golden colour and silky softness of her childhood. STA·BLOND is the very thing for her daughter's hair too—will keep it forever fascinatingly blond and lovely.

STA·BLOND contains *no injurious bleaches* and is used by over 4 million blondes all over the world. Also makes "perms" last longer. All you "used-to-be" blondes, get a packet of STA·BLOND to-day and give back to your hair its glorious youthful blondness. If you are not delighted with the results simply ask for your money back.

Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex.

STA·BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Look at Your Teeth

—Others do!

MY DENTIST SAYS-USE KOLYNOS

Beauty demands Attractive White Teeth KOLYNOS REVEALS THEM

In the quest for beauty it is essential that recognition be given to the important part played by the teeth. Ugly stains, so easily acquired, are not so easy to remove and the charm of an otherwise pleasing smile is spoilt.

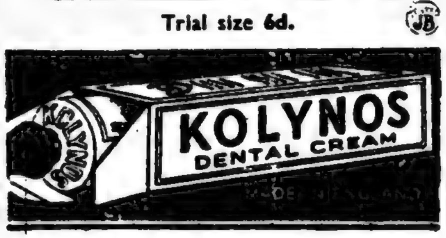
Regular users of KOLYNOS are proud of the appearance of their teeth and find in this scientific dentifrice an indispensable aid to beauty.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS—the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste—on a *dry* brush. Just a two-minute night and morning brushing and all food particles and other contributory causes of decay are removed, natural whiteness being restored with a lustre that gives charm and attractiveness. Discover for yourself the joy of a healthy mouth and sound, sparkling white teeth.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

Of all Chemists 1/- and 1/9

Trial size 6d.



PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal external piles Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The ‘PORK BARREL’ *will* Win *for* Roosevelt

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Roosevelt gets the cheers. "P.M.G." Jim Farley hands out the fat jobs from the "Pork Barrel"

"PATRONAGE," to give it a polite name, but "Graft" to most Americans, is going to decide the U.S. Presidential election next Tuesday. And, through Patronage, President Roosevelt is going to win a Democrat victory against Republican Governor Landon. You see, his side has nearly all the available "Patronage" to give away.

Governor Landon has all the attributes which go to make a sound American President, but his Party—the "Grand Old Party," as it calls itself—has lost out steadily all through the campaign on the Patronage question. So much so that hard-bitten old G.O.P. campaigners already say privately that "Landon is beaten"—though outwardly they are all marching on to victory, "terrible as an army with banners."

Franklin Roosevelt, great gentleman, smiler, cripple and idealist, is honoured and respected by his followers. Then how, ask people who are not Americans, can such a man lend himself to open "graft"? The answer is: He does not. That sounds paradoxical. Nevertheless, it is true.

Behind Roosevelt stands another figure, and a far more important one in this election campaign—Jim Farley, Postmaster-General of the United States. His office is the rich plum of American politics, the greatly sought-after reward which only comes after a life-long devotion to the Party machine.

Jim Farley doesn't concern himself very much with the postal service. That is managed by competent permanent officials. His main business is the giving away of "Patronages." He is chief boss of the "Pork Barrel"—the name for the perfectly legal system under which fat, well-paid jobs are given away in return for political support.

In every town and village of the United States the postmaster depends on Jim Farley for his job. If Landon wins, he will lose it and a Republican postmaster will take his place. So in each post-office there is one fervent Democrat working like a nigger for a Roosevelt victory.

☆ IN ADDITION, THE NEW Deal—or what parts of it remain after the mutilating operations performed on it by the judges of the Supreme Court—has added tremendously to Jim Farley's potentialities of "Patronage."

Twelve million unemployed have been helped in varying degrees through the New Deal operations of the Roosevelt Government. Twenty-five million farmers, unable to scratch a living from the soil, have been given relief in the form of subsidies, not for intensifying production but for deliberately decreasing it. Even farmers no longer grumble at the Government—only at the weather.

Now gratitude plays no part in politics, and just because the Roosevelt administration helped them there is no reason to expect that all these folk should vote Roosevelt. Jim Farley isn't simple enough to expect that.

Administering all this relief and subsidies has taken a lot of work. Mr. Farley has taken care that all this work should be shared round among as many people as possible. At present 2,000,000 men and women—all voters—are directly or indirectly earning a living by administering Roosevelt schemes, relief and subsidies. They say that for every three dollars spent in actual relief one dollar goes in administration.

Naturally all these 2,000,000 relief administrators are sound Democrats. Just now they are 2,000,000 Roosevelt election agents—and this is the story which Jim Farley has told them to tell.

☆ "A LANDON ADMINISTRATION would forget the little man, would scrap all the relief organisations, would concern itself only with big profits for finance and industry. Unless you vote Roosevelt you'll be back where you were in 1931, when crisis, starvation and despair swept the States."

This, like most electioneering stories, isn't strictly true.

No administration, Landon's or any other, dare halt the whole relief programme, because it dare not face the prospect of whole countrysides starving and in revolt.

But it is true that Landon is pledged to slow up relief as much as possible to return to "sturdy American individualism." It is true that Landon has Wall Street and Big Business behind him, that Hearst, and the Duponts (armament kings), and the steel magnates, and the great oil companies are active and vocal for him—denouncing the "socialism" and "Redness" of poor Mr. Roosevelt.

Above all, it is true that the 2,000,000 Roosevelt "election agents" who administer relief would all lose their jobs if Landon were elected President.

So now you see how Jim Farley has ingeniously stretched the "Pork Barrel" to include millions of his fellow-citizens in its legitimate "graft."

As the election approaches, too, his well-drilled army has been telling all the millions of "little men" that if he is elected Roosevelt plans another tremendous drive on their behalf.

This will be a second "New Deal," guaranteed to be foolproof so far as the Supreme Court is concerned. The "Brains Trust"—or what remains of it—eager farmers and unemployed are told, is putting finishing touches to a great new code of social services and help for everyone who has not been able to find that prosperity which has so long been "just around the corner." It will be paid for by "soaking the rich."

Understand, President Roosevelt does not talk about this in his speeches. It is not part of the official Democratic "platform" for the election. But on 40,000,000 doorsteps, in the ears of 40,000,000 harassed housewives Jim Farley is whispering this story of hope and encouragement.

Its effect is most gratifying to him. And, in fairness, it is not just another election lie. When he is re-elected Roosevelt will certainly try to put across something of the kind. But whether he will be able to "soak the rich" sufficiently, and whether the judges of the Supreme Court can be circumvented with the success which Jim Farley's optimism anticipates, is quite another story.

Of course, behind his 2,000,000 relief administrators Mr. Farley has the ordinary machinery of American electioneering in perfect trim. Every ward, right across the continent, is organised far more highly than anything known in Britain outside Liverpool.

Every voter is docketed and personally canvassed. Each tiny district has its "captain," who is responsible for seeing that all his voters vote early and—if possible—often. About five or six hundred electors are a captain's ordinary quota, so he is able, with his helpers, to shepherd them to the poll efficiently and see that each one votes "straight." And when Roosevelt is back again at the White House, Jim Farley will see that some crumb from his "Pork Barrel" finds its way to every single zealous captain

All the poor Republican can expect if Landon wins is a local postmastership. Or, if he is a very big man with a very big business, he may get a nice foreign ambassadorship.

☆ SO IT'S A CINCH FOR JIM Farley.

And a very good thing, too, so far as Britain and the rest of the world are concerned. By whatever methods he may be elected, Roosevelt is a man of great ideas and ideals. He is sincere for world peace, for a new world order, for sensible economic co-operation. He is for Liberty and against Fascism, persecution, tyranny and all the other horrors which grow out of narrow nationalism and dictatorships.

And so with his "Pork Barrel" and his Graft Jim Farley is still on the side of the angels—and his boss. Franklin Roosevelt is one of the only hopes of our contemporary distracted world.

NASAL CATARRH

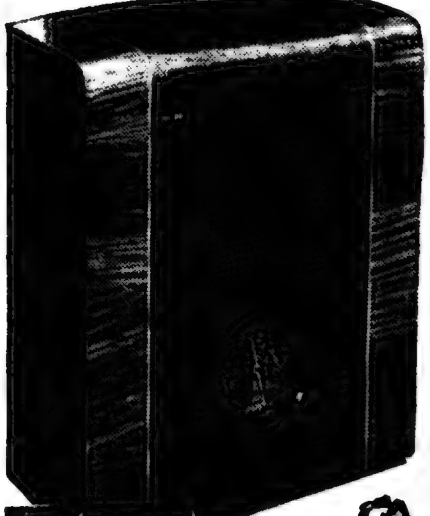
Quickly Mastered this easy way

THE QUICKEST, surest and safest way to end Nasal Catarrh is to sprinkle 15 to 20 drops of Karsote Inhalant on to your handkerchief and inhale the antiseptic vapour. Relief is instant. KARSOTE opens up stuffed nostrils; clears away mucus at back of throat and clears wheezy breathing passages. Karsote is a scientific combination of 22 ingredients which penetrates in vapour form to every crevice of nose, throat and lungs, and destroys the germs of Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, etc., in half the time other inhalants take. Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from your usual chemist. Trial size 1/-; double the quantity 1/6; four times the quantity 2/6.

FREE HANDKERCHIEFS for Karsote Users

A lovely Art Silk or Fine Egyptian Cotton Handkerchief is being given REALLY FREE with every bottle of Karsote Inhalant. No coupons to collect. The hankies in the 1/- packets are plain white or with pretty coloured borders—those in the 1/6 and 2/6 packets are the newest 1937 woven designs as sold in shops from 2d. to 6d. apiece. This offer is for a limited period only. So—Get Karsote and your Free Handkerchief to-day.

RADIO LISTENER'S RECORD 'LOG'



Mr. R. Lawton of 10 Dalton Avenue, Whitefield, nr. Manchester, recently logged a record number of radio stations transmitting from all parts of the world. He was using a Lissen All-Wave Receiver and the provision of the short-wave band in this receiver enabled him to add more than 120 stations to the list usually receivable on the ordinary 2 wave band type of set.

That Mr. Lawton's log is no result of freak reception is made clear by the many other good records of All-Wave reception on Lissen Receivers of which the following examples are typical:

"... EVEN BETTER RESULTS THAN YOU CLAIM"

"I have much pleasure in stating I am getting even better results than you claim for your All-Wave model and with an indoor aerial at that. American stations are quite easy and I am already wishing for fresh fields to conquer."—A. L. COLLETT, 36 Tilbrook Road, Shirley, Soton.

"... THE FINEST SET THAT ONE COULD WISH FOR"

"It's the finest set that one could wish for. I have received dozens of Yanks, YK2ME Sydney, Canadians, the usual 'locals' (Europeans), and Bombay, East Africa, was well received, Addis Ababa, particulars of which were sent to them, there is no need to mention about the tone and quality—it's great."—JULES H. HUBBARD, "Devonia," Dorset Place, Weymouth.

from (approx)
2'6
A WEEK

It lives on a Lissen

Model 8114 All-wave A.C. Mains Superhet. WAVE RANGES 13-33, 32-80, 198-556, 900-2,000 metres £17.17.0

Model 8120 3-valve Bandspread Short-wave Kit....£3.9.6

Model 8165 Three Waveband Battery Receiver. WAVE RANGES 18-54, 200-560, 900-2,000 metres......£8.8.0

Model 8216 Similar model for A.C. Mains £9.9.0

Model 8133 A.C./D.C. Mains .. £9.9.0

Outstanding superhets: 5-valve for A.C. Mains and 4-valve battery model..£11.11.0

Hire Purchase Terms available on all models.

Write for your copy of 'Short Wave' Price 3d.

HERE IS MR. LAWTON'S 'LOG'

Wave-length	Name of Station		Wave-length	Name of Station		Wave-length	Name of Station	
13.92	Pittsburgh	W8XB	25.42	Boston	WIXAL	49.02	Wayne	W2XE
13.93	Wayne	W2XE	25.49	Zeesen	DJD	49.15	Manizalles	HJ4ABB
14.27	Argentina	LSN	25.57	Huizen	PHI	49.18	Chicago	W9XF
15.50	France	FTM	25.60	Winnipeg	CJRX	49.22	Bowmanville	CRCX
15.57	Rio de Janeiro	PPU	25.62	Medellin	H4ABA	49.31	Nairobi	VQ7LO
15.93	Bandoeng	PLB	26.35	Geneva	HBO	49.41	Haiti	HH25
15.50	Bandoeng	PMA	27.93	Tokio	JYM	49.42	Vienna	OER2
16.22	Geneva	HBH	28.28	Rocky Point	WEA	49.50	Cincinatti	OXY
16.35	Laurenceville	WLA	28.98	Argentina	LSX	49.50	Philadelphia	W8XAL
16.39	Maracay	YVR	29.04	Brussels	ORK	49.50	Philadelphia	W3XAV
16.63	Rugby	GAA	29.25	Bandoeng	PMN	49.65	Barranquilla	HJ1AGB
16.87	Bound Brook	W3XAL	29.83	Cairo	SUV	49.67	Florida	W4XB
16.87	Zeesen	DJB	30.52	Rome	IRM	49.67	Pernambuco	PRA8
16.92	Bangkok	HSP	31.09	Lisburn	CTIAA	49.75	Panama	HP5B
17.12	Nauen	DFB	31.13	Rome	2RO	49.83	Zeesen	DJC
18.61	Rome	IRY	31.27	Geneva	HBL	49.85	Bogota	HJ3ABH
18.91	Chile	CEC	31.28	Philadelphia	W8XAU	49.50	Havana	COCO
19.52	Budapest	HAS3	31.28	Sidney	CK2MB	49.56	Drummondville	VE9DN
19.56	Schenectady	WAXAD	31.31	Lyndhurst	CK3LI	50.00	Moscow	RW59
19.64	Wayne	W2XE	31.36	Boston	MIXK	50.01	Mexico City	XEBT
19.68	Tashkent	RIM	31.36	Bombay	VUB	50.26	Vatican	HVJ
19.68	France	FYA	31.38	Zeesen	DJA	50.51	Guatemala	TG2X
19.71	Eindhoven	PCJ	31.45	Zeesen	DJM	51.28	Maracaibo	YV5RMO
19.71	Pittsburgh	W8KK	31.48	Jeloy	LKJI	51.72	Caracas	YV2RC
19.74	Zeesen	DJB	31.48	Schenectady	W2XAF	52.17	Medellin	HJ BD
19.84	Vatican	HVJ	31.56	Rio de Janeiro	PRF5	54.74	Costa Rica	TISHH
19.94	Moscow	RKI	31.80	Havana	COCH	58.30	Bandoeng	PMY
20.03	Manilla	KAY	31.86	Bandoeng	PLV	65.22	Equador	HC2ET
20.37	Rome	IQA	32.83	Maracay	YVR			
20.45	Rugby	JBL	34.29	Hongkong	2VW		MEDIUM WAVE "DX" STATIONS	
20.55	Tokio	JVH	35.42	Quito	HCJB			
20.73	Laurenceville	WMN	38.19	Ecuado	HC2JSB	256.3	Philadelphia	WCAV
21.70	Cairo	SUZ	39.37	Addis Ababa	ETB	260.7	Rochester	WHAM
22.00	Warsaw	SPW	40.65	Mexico City	XECR	267.7	Mexico	XENT
22.40	Laurenceville	WMA	42.68	Georgetown	VPSMR	282.8	Havana	CMCY
22.58	Drummondville	CGA3	44.96	Maracay	YVQ	282.8	Baltimore	WBAL
22.95	Suva	VPD	45.00	Guayaquil	HC2RL	282.8	Hartford	WTIC
23.45	Coltano	IAC	46.01	Valencia	YV6RV	303.	Boston	WBZA
24.52	Iceland	TSJ	46.30	Cali	HJ5ABD	303.1	Buenos Aires	LR4
24.56	France	TYA	46.51	Barranquilla	HJIABB	305.9	Pittsburgh	KDKA
25.00	Moscow	RNE	47.10	Caracas	YV4RC	344.6	Chicago	WLS
25.10	Addis Ababa	ETB	48.50	Santo Domingo	HIIA	348.6	New York	WABC
25.12	France	FTA	48.62	Bogota	HJ3ABF	361.2	Buenos Aires	LR5
25.23	France	FYA	48.78	Caracas	5B3RC	379.5	Schenectady	WGY
25.27	Pittsburgh	W8XX	48.85	Winnipeg	CJRO	405.2	Atlanta	WSB
25.36	Wayne	W2XX	48.86	Pittsburgh	W8XK	428.6	Ohio	WLW
25.40	Rome	2RO	48.92	Havana	COCD	468.5	Los Angeles	KFI

LISSEN ALL-WAVE RADIO

LISSEN LTD., 113-117 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.2

It's a front page story to me!

Journalism is a grand job—if you like work. But whether you are out after an 'exclusive', waiting for a big story to break, or just polishing off an annual function, it's hard on the tobacco you smoke. That's why I smoke Four Square. The working day may finish tomorrow morning, but Four Square sees me through—never a 'bite' or a hint of harshness in a pouchful, pipe after pipe. And no wonder: blended from the purest leaf, mellowed and matured by nature, and free from artificial flavouring, Four Square's great for men like me!

FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY REMEMBRANCE DAY NOV. 11

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*)	10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*)	10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*)	11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*)	11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*)	1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*)	1/3d.

Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All blends are Medium Strength.

ALSO FOUR SQUARE OUTSIZE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES. PACKETS: 10 FOR 7d., 20 FOR 1/2d. FLAT TINS: 25 FOR 1/6d.

10½d. to 1/3d.

SAMPLES OF ALL 6 BLENDS, 1/-. WRITE DEPT. *J.B.12*. GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED. **Proprietors of "John Bull."**

FREE TEST

BUNIONS

PAIN STOPS / SWELLING REDUCED!

Amazing results with Ped-Eezi, the new scientific treatment. Highly recommended—absolutely harmless—easily applied—enables sufferers to wear smaller shoes in comfort. Send for free trial to-day (without obligation).

PED-EEZI PRODUCTS Co.,
11, Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Accept this FREE OFFER
of a TRIAL BOTTLE
of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down, or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, fill in the coupon on p. 31, enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and a generous sample bottle of Wincarnis will be sent to you, FREE of charge. Take advantage of this offer NOW!

Look to your Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a Story"

WHEN you have off days; back aching, head aching, muscles stiff and sore, and when the urine is disordered and your rest disturbed, strengthen the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Don't risk rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and bladder weakness when this special kidney medicine can end your distress. Read Mrs. Goode's advice.

Two years of Suffering

Mrs. E. Goode, 277, Edward Street, Chilvers Coton, Nuneaton, says:—"Influenza upset the kidneys and caused two years of suffering. I had continual aching pains across the small of the back. I had headache and dizziness and there was gravel in the kidney excretions.

"I had made no progress until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They soon made me feel bright and later made me feel quite well.

(*Signed*) E. Goode."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans Backache Kidney Pills

Secret Enemy of Millions

HÆMORRHOIDS

(Piles)

Rapid Remedy Now Available

It has been left to the Veno chemists to perfect a really reliable treatment for this agonising ailment which, it is calculated, affects four adults out of ten, besides many children. This treatment, by means of Germoloid Suppositories, is inexpensive, simple, clean and self-applied. It affords immediate relief from pain and irritation, and soon takes down swellings, shrinks distended veins and protects painfully exposed nerve-endings. During sleep its antiseptic principles continue their healing work, whilst its soothing lubricants reduce the absorption of moisture and so help to prevent constipation.

Germoloids

From All Chemists. **1/3 per Box of 12**

(For External Piles use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

Television—the GREAT TOSS-UP

An experimental television transmission from the studios at Alexandra Palace – but how many people will be able to "see in" for years to come?

A FEW days ago a group of business men met in the offices of the Television Committee in London. They represented the two companies, Baird Television and Marconi-E.M.I., which, with capital resources totalling well over £1,000,000, have been racing neck and neck with their rival systems for perfection—and therefore supremacy—in the new world of television.

Oceans of midnight oil have been expended by the technicians and research men of both systems, prodigies of effort lavished by the engineers to produce apparatus not only to beat each other, but the whole world. And the result of all this research and experiment and demonstration was this meeting, held to decide which of the rival systems should be chosen to open the first regular television broadcasts commencing on Monday.

And how, after all these months of testing out each system side by side, was the issue decided between them?

An official produced a golden coin at this meeting. He spun it in the air. As it came down, the representatives of both organisations craned forward. . . "Heads or tails?" The coin clinked on to the table, wobbled, fell over on its side. . . .

Baird's had won, and so, when the P.M.G. makes wireless history on Monday by opening the first regular television service in the world, it is this particular method which will usher in the new era in entertainment and communication.

That procedure of tossing a coin tells us all we need to know about the respective merits of both systems. But it is also symbolic of the immediate future of television. It, too, is a "toss-up."

Certainly it is a "toss-up" as to how much and *when* television will be made available to the ordinary man. As far as *he* is concerned, Alexandra Park after Monday will be just an additional name in the wireless programmes—and for a good many Mondays after that. No one need start scrapping his ordinary radio set yet.

For one thing, the average television receiver costs about £100, and leaders of the trade have stated that it will be at least five years before such receivers are down even to the £50 mark. One reason for that is that the progress of television experiments has been marked for a long time by secrecy, muddle and endless delay.

It was only last June that some manufacturers of sets for the public were given sufficient advance information on which to base their designs. And when the service opens on Monday only about a half-dozen firms will be making sets. One world-famous firm estimates that it will only have disposed of about thirty or forty. The total number in home use is likely to be less than five hundred.

WHO is to blame for all this?

Chiefly the Selsden Television Committee, which sat in judgment upon, and worked out all the plans for, the new form of entertainment two years ago. As far as we can see, its sole function has been that of the "man with the red flag" who marched in front of motor-cars years ago.

It is this Committee which is responsible for committing the B.B.C. to two radically different transmission systems—a dual policy which has made things bad for the set manufacturers, and so for the public's pocket.

Then, again, the international patents situation regarding television is in a colossal muddle.

That, too, is going to affect the progress of the art and the price of sets to the ordinary man. Two years ago the Television Committee *suggested* the formation of a patents pool to clear up the situation. It should have *insisted* on it before any further steps were taken.

It might have remembered the lesson taught in the early days of broadcasting. There was the same patents muddle then. It has been cleared up too late. For if engineers to-day applied the knowledge they even then had we could have twice as many radio stations without mutual interference. But if they put in these transmission improvements now, most of the present sets on the market would be obsolete.

The Committee's faltering has also made the future of television a "toss-up" so far as money is concerned. The previous Ullswater Committee had declared that both radio *and* television should be paid for out of the B.B.C.'s share of the listeners' 10s. licence fee. That is a manifestly impossible suggestion. The B.B.C. has already borrowed money from the Treasury (on the security of licence fees) to pay for Alexandra Palace. It has spent £180,000, and now it is "broke."

Yet it now faces the problem of providing programmes costing several thousands of pounds a day (sight and sound transmissions are far more expensive than sound alone) and, additionally, with the erection of several regional stations for the provincial public.

There is going to be a large-scale row on this point during the next few months. The set-buying public is not going to be satisfied with only two separate hourly programmes a day. It is not going to buy sets for that. And yet—how is television going to be paid for, and who is to pay it? That also is a question which should have been settled long ago.

ALREADY ordinary listeners are protesting about the portion of their 10s. licence money which has been mortgaged on television purposes—from which they cannot benefit for years. They will not tolerate further inroads at the expense of the radio programmes. The way out seems to be an extra licence fee for television set owners. But that will not be imposed without a struggle and great delay.

The Selsden Committee should have settled this financial problem long ago. Now, with the programmes starting, there is some vague talk of a Parliamentary Committee to discuss the matter.

So, all things considered, between the secrecy of the television companies, the muddle of the television planning and the backwardness of the trade (which *they* have not been able to help), the ordinary radio public in its millions is not going to get much of a deal out of the new entertainment for a very long time.

IN THE SMALL HOURS

HAVING locked and bolted the doors, latched the windows, raked out the fire and seen that the wireless was switched off, a Lancashire family went to bed with that comfortable feeling of security that such precautions arouse.

But they reckoned without a figure who lurked in the shadows of the street waiting for their light to go out. That done, he waited just a little longer for the policeman on patrol to pass. Then it was the work of a second to force the front sitting-room window.

When he left the family was the poorer by every article of real worth that could be crammed into the pockets of the intruder, of a total value sufficient to cause real distress when they awoke and surveyed the havoc at 5.30 a.m.

So all their precautions had been in vain—all, that is, except one, which was to stand them in good stead.

That was the simple precaution of signing a coupon such as appears on page 4 of this issue, which qualified them for the protection of the unique JOHN BULL free family insurance scheme. Because of that, we paid, and they can afford to smile, now, about an event that would otherwise have been a tragedy.

You can earn that protection, *now*. We only want your signature.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Why they go to Wales.

Nestling among the towering Welsh Hills are famous Mineral Springs. Here large numbers of sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and kindred ailments have sought the relief that these waters so rich in mineral salts are known to give. But you can obtain similar quick relief from rheumatic pains by a similar natural process, without going away from home.

FYNNON SALT enables you to reproduce in your own home the curative waters for which Welsh Spas are famous. It neutralises the uric acid deposits and impurities of the blood which are responsible for the agony of Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. After a few doses, these impurities disappear from the system.

A teaspoonful of FYNNON SALT in water every morning, equal in medicinal effect to the tonic waters of famous spas, begins to banish pain. Muscles become supple, swollen joints are reduced to normal, stiffness disappears and once again you revel in that freedom of movement and joy of active life that you have missed so much.

A large tin of Fynnon Salt costs only 1/3. Get one from your usual Chemist or Stores.

CC539D

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

they're blended better

MEDIUM STRENGTH
CAPSTAN
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Cigarettes
W.D.&H.O.WILLS
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WILLS'S
CAPSTAN NAVY CUT

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

To be Healthy & Strong

you must have

MORE IRON

If you want to be really healthy and strong you *must* keep your system supplied with plenty of IRON.

Every organ and tissue in your body needs iron. You cannot have too much iron, for your system will not absorb more than it needs. But you can easily have too little. Most of the foods you eat are deficient in iron, and only very little of the iron they do contain is properly assimilated. The result is you risk being IRON-STARVED.

The only way to guard against IRON STARVATION is to give your system *more* iron than it needs, in the form in which it is most easily assimilated. And the best way to do that is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

Taken regularly with meals, IRON 'JELLOIDS' will enrich your blood, strengthen your nerves, and invigorate every organ of your body. They will put an edge on your appetite, make you sleep soundly, and give you superabundant energy. IRON 'JELLOIDS' do not upset the digestion and *cannot blacken the teeth.*

"As fit as a fiddle"

"I had been for a long time in a run-down condition, not taking interest in my work, feeling fit for nothing. Life was a misery. I decided to give IRON 'JELLOIDS' a trial. To-day I am feeling as fit as a fiddle." (Mr.)——

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

- **Weakness**
- **Exhausted Nerves**
- **Lack of Energy**
- **Tiredness**
- **Liability to Colds**
- **Breathlessness**
- **Faintness**
- **Palpitation**
- **Heart Pains**
- **Numbness**
- **Poor Appetite**
- **Weak Digestion**
- **Constipation**
- **Headaches**
- **Sore Tongue**
- **Paleness**
- **Sallowness**
- **Falling Hair**
- **Brittle Nails**
- **Skin Blemishes**

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2a. For WOMEN: No. 2. For CHILDREN: No. 1.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

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Good it's Mason's

FILL IN COUPON BELOW FOR 3 BOTTLE CASE

This sample of Mason's Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences will convince you that for purity, strength, flavour they make the best home-made wines.

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE

The popular favourite in thousands of homes. Warming, comforting and refreshing. Ideal for parties.

Price 9d. per bottle from Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere.

COUPON FOR SAMPLE

To NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM.
Please send me sample case of your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences. I enclose 9d in stamps.

Name and Address in Block Letters ....
....
.... 61

Trust Snowfire Tablet

to keep roughness from busy hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.

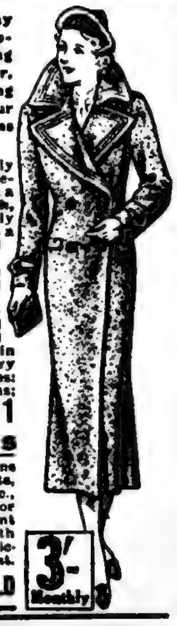
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

GROSVENOR This exceptionally smart & serviceable Winter Coat is produced in a reliable quality **Heavy Nap Cloth**, very well tailored and carefully finished in all its details. It has a fashionable double-breasted front, boldly designed machine-stitched collar & revers, stylish sleeves with strap cuffs, welted pockets, and semi-fitting back with raised seams and button-trimmed half belt. Nicely lined throughout with Art. Silk Twill to tone. An excellent garment in all respects. Supplied in Navy and Brown shades only. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts 32 to 38ins; Lengths: 46 to 50ins. **24/11**

Terms: 3/- Monthly.



3/- Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

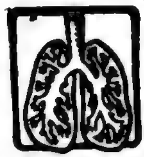
Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

£50 in Cash Prizes MUST BE WON.
Turn to p. 5 and send in your entry in this simple Contest.

CHEST SUFFERERS BEWARE!

Grave Warning About Coughs And Colds



The Lungs.

Coughs and Colds are already about and owing to the fact that the past summer has been so bad your chest and lungs are not in a fit state to stand the weakening effect of such early season attacks. Coughs and colds are liable to be more perilous this year than ever they were and you should not neglect even the slightest sign of trouble in the respiratory tract.

YOU LIVE BY YOUR LUNGS

Your lungs are vital to your life and health. You must protect them. Commence at once to take **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** and so strengthen those vital organs of life. **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE** acts "like lightning." Hence its name. But not only does it stop the worst cough in record time, it also *arrests the development of dangerous germs* and so enables you to face the winter with confidence.

VENOS LIGHTNING Brand COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1½d., 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

CIGARETTES COST LESS

and you get all the real flavour of your tobacco if you

ROLL IN A.G

Try it. You'll never change back. You'll notice the improvement first puff. The *real* tobacco flavour comes through almost as though no paper were there—because A.G. is thinner and absolutely pure. Get the *improved* automatic packet. It gives one paper at a time, gummed edge first always, and tells when you're near the end. Insist on A.G.—it's worth it.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

ALL THE 6 LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM

THE BIG TWO

THE BIG TWO

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL

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NOTHING-BARRED LISTS

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired
in accordance with rules.

WINNINGS BY RETURN
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

Please send particulars of your service.
I am over 21 years of age.

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Making HAY— the Hay Way

Dr. Hay in the kitchen of a London hotel. The cult of which he is high priest, has swept the world . . .

DR. WILLIAM HOWARD HAY is here.

The Dr. William Howard Hay.

Did I hear you say, "What about it?" Well, I will admit that he is not a man of astonishingly interesting appearance, that he is seventyish, and that his figure has lost the panther-like outline of youth.

Dr. Hay is the apostle of a dietary decalogue which says, in broad principle, that to attain perfect health you must not mix proteins (meat, fish, milk, eggs, etc.) at a meal with carbohydrates or starches (vegetables, flour, cereals, sugar, etc.). If you are good and do as you are told you will become slimmer or plumper, whichever you wish. At least you are supposed to.

Dr Hay is an international figure. They talk about him and his notions at breakfast-tables and dinner-tables all over Britain and America. His tour here is being a perfect riot. It is probably no exaggeration to say that there are millions of people on the two continents who believe in him. It is probably equally true to say that there are millions who do not.

What sort of a man, then, is this iconoclast, whose disciples must not eat bread with their cheese, chips with their fish, potatoes with their juicy slice of undercut; who has crowded a great store with throngs of women aching to pay 5s. each for the right to hear him expound?

He is a business man as well as a dietician—a good business man, *too*, drawing profits for himself and his commercial associates from the institutes, hotels, restaurants, sanatoria, magazines, and books which have sprouted in America from that one Great Idea. Even his visit here is on a business footing. He is under contract to a firm of publishers; he cannot make any statement without their consent and arrangement. I wanted to ask him quite a lot of questions, but it was, unfortunately, not to be. My request for an appointment was refused.

However——

⁂

Of course, there are doctors in England and America who do not care for Dr. Hay's theories and methods: the Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Kansas, Dr. Logan Clendening, for instance, has called the Hay diet a "half-baked, unscientific food fad."

Dr. Hay does not mind. If people call him a quack, he is quite ready to say "Quack!" back. Tit for tat—quack for quack! He has *actually* written a leaflet entitled "Who are the Quacks?" in which he develops the pretty notion that the real quacks are not the food-faddists and other exponents of strange cults, but the members of the regular medical profession!

But then he has always been unconventional: for, according to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, the governing body of medicine in the U.S.A., "in 1930 his local society informed the Association that Dr. Hay had resigned just before charges of unethical advertising were to be preferred against him."

Reverting to the diet which he has made famous—and which has made him famous, too; strangely enough, it does not appear to have been his original discovery. You will agree, however, that the phrase "Hay Diet" comes more trippingly off the tongue—for all its association with a stableyard menu—than "Cabana Diet." Incidentally, it is almost as tripping as that lovely name he was reported to have devised for an establishment he proposed to open in 1932—the Hay-ven!

Cabana is the name of the man who seems to have devised the outline of the scheme and to have seen the money-making possibilities in it: Dr. Oliver Cabana, Jun.

This pioneer is not a medical man, as you might think, but a doctor of law. He is the head of a firm of liquid polish makers, and at one time—he may be still, for all I know—chief of a concern in Buffalo, New York, which made Kem-O-Zone, described as the "Aristocrat of Antiseptics."

He is not merely a business man, but "one of Nature's noblemen"; at least that is how Dr. Hay described him in dedicating to him "Health via Food," that volume destined to become the Bible of those who like their proteins unpolluted by carbohydrates, to whom a ham sandwich is anathema.

⁂

While Dr. Cabana was busy making his useful polishes and aristocrat antiseptics, Dr. Hay was occupied in various ways in his profession. For instance, he ran a Hay Rest Cure, with a special department for—Have you guessed right? Yes? Well, for—the "cure of hay fever cases." He was also connected with different associations for the advancement of health in one way and another—for instance, the Defensive Diet League of America.

One wonders if he dreamed of the glory that awaited him, during those days when he did the rounds of an ordinary practitioner in small towns in Pennsylvania, or was engaged in disseminating propaganda against the use of aluminium cooking utensils! If he saw foreshadowed the time when his name should have the glamour of a film star's; when the theories he fostered should be debated throughout the habitable world; when the golden stream should pour into his coffers in an eve increasing tide!

Anyhow, it came about that at las Dr. Cabana and Dr. Hay got togethe The great idea was born!

Dr. Hay left his cooking-pot propaganda, or whatever he was engaged upo at the time, to take up the appointmen as Medical Director of a Sun-and Diet Sanatorium, Dr. Cabana was presi dent, and other posts were held b officials said to be connected with th polish concern. In fact, as Dr. Hay say in "Health via Food": "From the ve first the Foundation has been under th direction of experienced and skill business men, men who have succeede in other lines of endeavour"—polish making, for instance.

⁂

Well, there in East Aurora suburb of Buffalo, was th founded the cult, whi was to spread across the world an become as inevitable and often ac monious a topic of conversation a you could want. A cult with Dr. Willia Howard Hay for its high-priest—a high priest who from being a humble small town doctor has become one of th wealthiest members of his profession i the world.

So now Dr. Hay is here. He is a ve important person: he is exclusive: h would not see me.

However, I do not bear him an malice. I even meditate returning goo for evil by trying his Diet. I wonder i it would make me slimmer, healthie lovelier if I ate cheese without an bread? Fish without chip potatoes? . . . I wonder!

W. M. W

Race with "Silver Ring"

Winter's Keep

DURING November owners and trainers are all out for the "Hay and Corn Stakes." Hence large entries even for moderate prizes. Thus, with big fields and soft going, backers should be extra cautious

Below are half a dozen horses almost certain to earn their winter's keep. All have been noted in running during recent weeks; Achtung, Buckleigh, Chirgwin, Hans Sachs, Highland Games c., and Solar Bear.

Best bets at Hurst Park this week-end may be Kept-On and Perifox. The latter was left at the post last time out.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 29, to Wednesday, November 4.

X	Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	S	R	P	O	98	T	F	U
97	L	H	J	I	95	E	D	K	V	W	A	N	96	G	Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

K96VOW9496A would read STRAPETO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. WVA2G would read PROOF.

CATARRH CLEARED BY NEW TREATMENT

The quickest way to stop catarrh an end head noises and catarrhal deafness i also the simplest. Get an ounce of Doubl Strength Parmint from your chemist an mix it with half a pint of sugar or hone syrup. He'll also give you some specia tablets, called Parmintabs. Take one o these to break the phlegm. You will fe it take hold instantly, clearing the choke up passages and allowing the medica ments in the Parmint mixture to destro the germs which lurk in the tiny crevic In a day or two you'll find all catarrha symptoms disappear. You will have n more of those dull headaches and deafne that running at the nose and catarrhal dis charge in the throat.

And the moment you get rid of tha insidious catarrhal infection, you wi notice an immediate improvement in you health, for the poison of catarrh penetrate your whole system, undermining your strengt and making you an easy prey to illness.

Every sufferer from catarrh ought to tr this simple Parmint recipe. It's mo efficacious and succeeds where all othe treatments have failed. It's very economical and very easy to make up.

"ANOTHER COLD!"

"SUN - STARVATION has weakened your resistance . . .

. . . you must build up your nerve vitality!"

After the bad weather last summer doctors predicted a crop of winter colds . . . and here they are. Your nerves are your main defence against winter illness and they depend for their nourishment largely on the vitamin health stored up in the system by the sun's rays in summer time. Many people this year, after a wet and cloudy holiday returned with nerves sun-starved and quite unfit to face the winter. If you were one of these you should nourish your nerves with PHOSFERINE, the best and safest food you can give them. It will literally make a new being of you, increase your power to fight illness, banish nervous depression and fill you with vigour and vitality.

> **Mrs. L. Cadwallader writes:—**
>
> *"I am quite certain there is not a better tonic than Phosferine. My husband catches cold easily and suffers from Neuralgia when run-down. I tried every remedy I could think of, but nothing did him any good until I tried Phosferine, which relieved him almost at once. It has never failed to give relief, the Neuralgia has quite gone and he is now far better able to resist hard weather and fatigue—in fact Phosferine always keeps him up to the mark. We always recommend Phosferine to keep anyone in first rate health."*
>
> **Griffin House, Burgh Heath**

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	*for*	*for*	*for*
DEPRESSION	BRAIN-FAG	INFLUENZA	ANAEMIA
HEADACHE	NEURALGIA	RHEUMATISM	DEBILITY
INDIGESTION	SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA	NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

NO MORE LOOSE BROOMS

FIXED IN A TRICE!
HOLDS LIKE A VICE!

NEW MONARCH BROOM FASTENER

Supplied direct. 9d. each. or 3 for 1/6d. Post free.
Agents Wanted.

PARAGON SUPPLIES LTD. 12 DOCK STREET

Hadley's

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

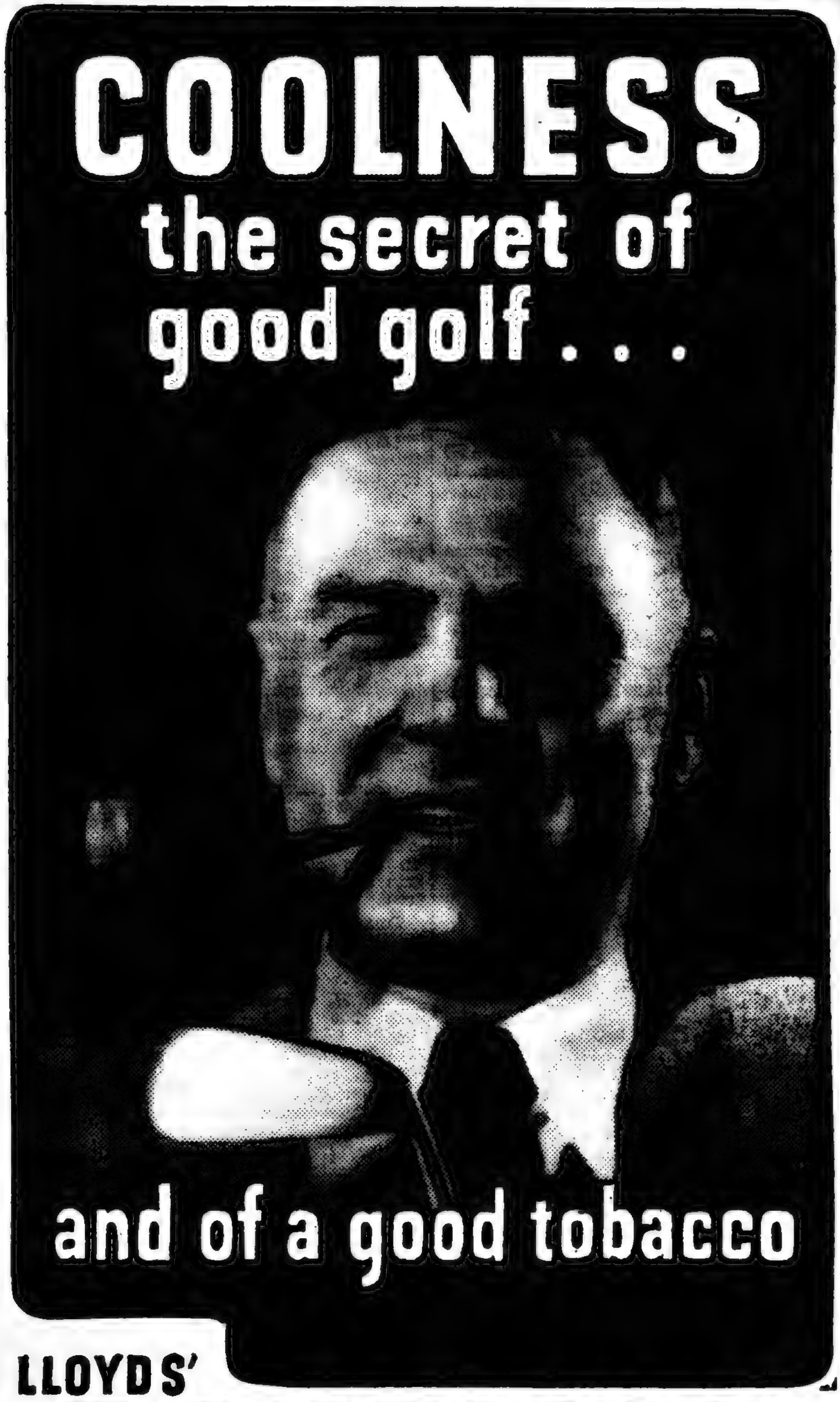
Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms With Sturmey - Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems Roadsters, Racers Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



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BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D. per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D. per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

SKIN DISEASES

Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous Free Sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BILIOUS ATTACKS BANISHED

Mrs. Hallas, 46, Regent Road, Blackpool, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking your medicine, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, and used to feel awful for many a day. There were lots of foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without any bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd. Chemists and Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN!

Doctors say that the "make-up" of a woman's system is so highly intricate and so sensitive that the shock caused by taking strong purgative medicines may do serious harm. Even though you do not notice it at the time, you may be laying up serious trouble for yourself later. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in her middle years and later life are undoubtedly in many cases due to taking harsh medicines.

Women!—treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a safe fruit laxative. It never purges, never interferes with the natural bodily functions, and there are no depressing, "washed-out" after-effects. It relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours.

'California Syrup of Figs' has a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys that makes you "feel good." 'California Syrup of Figs' is ideally suited to a woman's needs. Get a bottle to-day and take a spoonful the first time your bowels need help. You'll feel better altogether! Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' because it is so gentle in its action. Always avoid strong purgatives and give your bowels *natural* aid.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

HOT ALKALINE BATHS FOR BACKACHE

Quick, Sure Relief from Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc.

For quick and lasting relief from agonising pains in the back there is nothing so good as resting for twenty minutes in hot alkaline water supercharged with active oxygen. This rapidly eliminates, through the 7,000,000 pores of the skin, the uric acid and other deposits which are pent up in the system and form the direct cause of all rheumatic pains. A medicated alkaline bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Salts' in a bath of hot water, which is then impregnated not only with oxygen, but also the essential constituent salts of famous curative spas. Any chemist can supply sufficient 'Reudel Bath Salts' for several baths for 1s. 6d.—ask plainly for "*Roo-del*" and see you get the YELLOW package.

LOOK AT YOUR FALSE TEETH

If plates are stained, teeth discoloured, simply put in water and add a little Steradent. (Eminent dentist's new discovery). Take them out immaculately clean—purified by powerful sterilizing agent. Blackest stains vanish. Fleshy pinkiness is restored. Yellow teeth are made 'live' and lustrous. No brushing; no acids. Guaranteed harmless. Ask your chemist for Steradent. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. *Now available in a new and greatly improved container. It contains more powder with no increase in price.*

WARNING! *Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. You are safe with Steradent. The Dental Profession has given it the highest endorsement.*

STERADENT

CLEANS AND STERILISES FALSE TEETH

128-PAGE BOOK FREE!

—A book written by one of the most famous of real life detectives.

This free book can be secured by sending the Coupon on p. 27 together with the Quaker figure (trade mark) cut from two packets of Quaker Oats or *Quick* Quaker. Cut out Coupon NOW for your future use!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

PADDY (Sidcup).—"He left the aerodrome in a violent temper." He went up in the air.

MRS. W. (Derby).—"All men have a habit of stepping back and admiring their handiwork." Except window-cleaners.

E. F. (Shanklin).—"I used to work in the post office, but now I am a clothes presser." Still sorting male bags, eh?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Liverpool).—"There is always more room to be found at the top." Not on a pyramid.

D. R. (Clacton).—"A home cookery book never benefits anybody." Except restaurant proprietors.

D. W. (Ashford).—"Londoners are attached to their dogs." That is so. Generally by means of leads.

E. R. T. (Luton).—"I have just finished reading a three-volume work on water." That took some wading through.

S. O. S. (Deal).—"I can imagine nothing so depressing as owing money." What about wanting to owe it?

GEORGE (Grimsby).—"Every harbour-master likes to be thought clever." Full of craft, eh?

M. A. (Dagenham).—"The man had the audacity to suggest that I finance his trip to the South Pole." That is the frozen limit.

TOM J. (Dundee).—"Anything that is on the tip of your tongue one moment and gone the next will soon come back." Not if it's a postage stamp.

O. H. M. (Walsall).—"The modern wireless set brings the world to your doorstep." With a request to switch the wretched thing off, very often.

ATHLETE (Penge).—"If I were only a professional hurdler I would jump for joy." You wouldn't earn much at that rate.

E. W. (Deal).—"Posters of to-day are apt to flatter music-hall performers." No doubt that's why some of them get stuck up, too.

SAM (Storrington).—"At one time my wife used to think the world of me; now she does nothing but carry on at me." Then she still rates you highly!

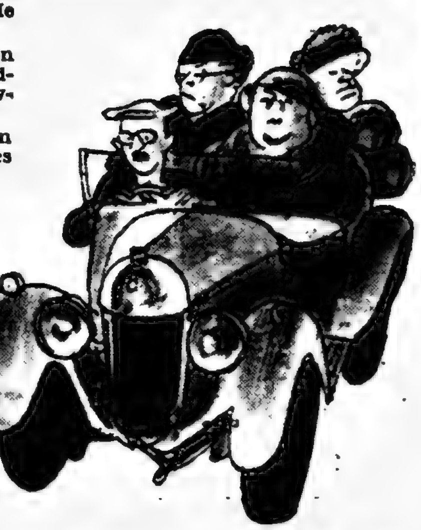
B. C. (Glasgow).—"He rented me a salmon stream for £200 but it proved to be a swindle." And yet there appears to have been a catch in it.

V. H. (Ely).—"The modern popular song makes me go hot and cold." Then why not include it in your bathroom repertoire?

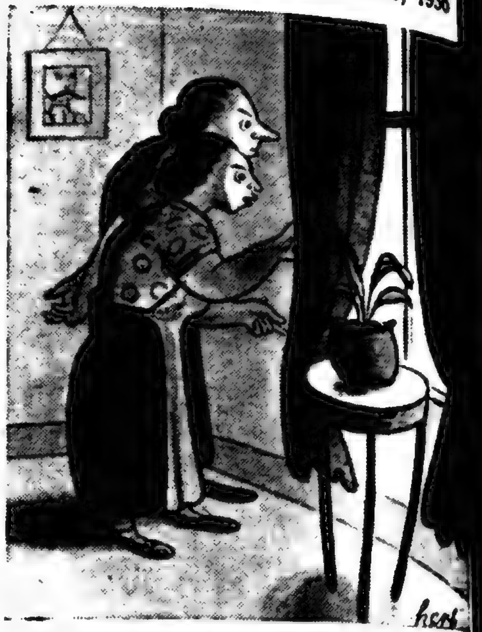
TED (Coventry).—"If a madman was threatening you, you would naturally pack your revolver." Or, of course, our suitcase.

FLY-HALF (Edgware).—"Few Rugby players keep their names before the public for more than a season or two." They scrum and go.

CYCLIST (Dulwich).—"It was a lonely place where I got the puncture, and although I had a patch, I was without the means of fixing it." So you had to find some other solution.



H. R. (Rugby).—"Lots of men have frights in their cars." We know!



"Look at Mrs. Jones looking at Mrs. Brown looking at Mrs. Green looking over there."—From "*The Passing Show*"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS:—". . . if you do bathe, never go out of your DEATH."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—". . . the visitors will BARK on one of the latest type of Thames steamers."

FALKIRK HERALD:—". . . made him the recipient of a walnut electric clock as a WAITING gift."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"The yacht collided with an iron bridge while passing through a narrow STREET. . . ."

SPALDING GUARDIAN:—"I examined him and found him rather opposed to me and very VALUABLE."

SOUTHEND TIMES:—". . . meetings have now resumed and will meet on the first and third Tuesdays of the WEEK." . . .

SUSSEX EXPRESS:—"In the crowd were several people who were the direct ANCESTORS of players in the first game."

MRS. W. (Bury).—"How do you like a drawing-room piano?" Grand.

S. T. M. (Accrington).—"I've just bought a watch-maker's business which shows a good profit." A going concern.

ENTOMOLOGIST (Sheffield).—"The moth requires the least nourishment of all insects." Yes, it eats holes.

H. P. (Bury).—"A cat may be allowed to prowl the main streets at night, but where does it end up?" At the tail.

NEPHEW (Mansfield).—"Leaving out the swear words when I smashed the colonel's car, what did he say?" Not a thing!

TOM (Frome).—"I'm afraid my seaside engagement will land me in court." Beach of promise?

W. G. (Bromlow).—"What is your idea of ankle-tapping an opponent you cannot beat at football?" A low-down trick.

D. B. V. (Colindale).—"The barber I patronise is a silent fellow." He cuts it short.

S. B. (Luton).—"I got hard up and sold my car." That would put you on your feet.

S. B. (Highgate).—"What voice does a man get regarding the decoration of his home?" The invoice!

PILOT (Hendon).—"The cost of learning to fly is anything from a pound an hour upwards." But one can come down, of course, for practically nothing.

S. T. (Herts).—"I am rather concerned because I did not give my usual contribution to charity last week." You feel a misgiving because you missed giving!

GEORGE T. (Dunfermline).—"Most of those 'go-ahead' young men carry their fetish too far." We know one who refuses even to have his teeth stopped.

T. Y. (Burton-on-Trent).—"The average schoolboy can tell a cooking from an eating apple by its feel." And how he feels after it!

G. A. (Bristol).—"My wife has bought a new hat for six guineas and I call it a sin." At any rate, it will be on her own head.

GOALIE (Glamorgan).—"My method of dealing with a high shot gave me a chance of making my reputation." Of course, you jumped at it.

M. R. (Edinburgh).—"A heavy cold prevented my speaking at the meeting and giving them a bit of my mind." You just couldn't voice your opinions.

C. R. (Goring).—"My son is taking lessons in sculpture and he is getting on very well with his modelling." He is shaping nicely?

A. H. S. (Bromley).—"I don't like the smokeless fuel my wife insists on having." Because when she complains of the room being full of smoke you can't blame the fire?

DISGRUNTLED (Woking).—"I sent my wireless set back to the makers for repair, but now can't get any reply from the factory." Evidently something wrong with the works.

FOREMAN (Blackpool).—"When mortar fell on my head the bricklayer came down and apologised, borrowed half a crown, then later denied he had ever 'touched' me." But you were dropped on.

HEADMASTER (Manchester).—"Fireworks should be abolished." Well, aren't they?

F. B. (Sutton).—"I have written a little book full of valuable hints for hikers." Rambling ruses?

D. N. (Mayfair).—"An actor always knows when he hasn't impressed his audience." A little bird tells him.

P. E. T. (Chipstead).—"I think there are two ways of looking at a secret." Either it's not worth keeping or it's too good to be kept?

V. D. (Truro).—"A man can face anything after a really good breakfast." Yes, but unfortunately our postman arrives before then.

MANUFACTURER (Sheffield).—"I am proud to say that my products cause quite a stir in every home. And do you know what they are?" Spoons.

MRS. M. C. (Brixton).—"Some of my small son's remarks take the biscuit." Turn them into neat *Bullets* and one of them may carry off a luscious Christmas Cake or even a giant Hamper. You will find 600 of these JOHN BULL Feasts awaiting winners on page 47.

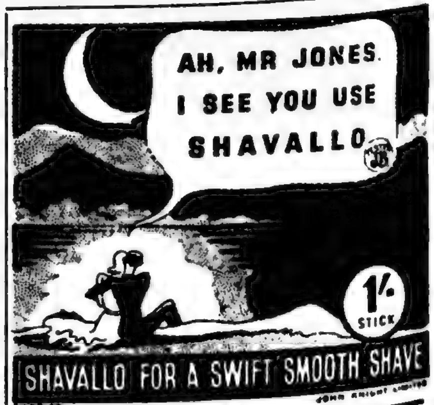
ENTHUSIAST (Oxford).—"With every new year we are bound to see at least one or two rattling new cars." And thousands of rattling old ones.

B. B. (Suffolk).—"Whenever there is a bonfire at the local fête the officials always send for me to see and light it." You have a flare for that sort of thing.

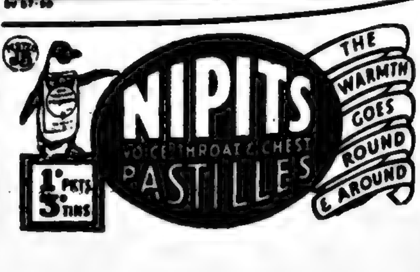
FIREMAN (London, S.E.).—"At the wedding of a colleague recently the fire engine formed part of the bridal procession." There was, of course, no escape.

HUBBY (Leeds).—"I simply detest going shopping with my wife, because of the time she wastes looking in shop windows." You've stood about enough.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



AH, MR JONES. I SEE YOU USE SHAVALLO
1/- STICK
SHAVALLO FOR A SWIFT SMOOTH SHAVE
JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED



Kingston Mother's Trouble

PITIFUL LETTER ABOUT HER CHILD

"I go through tortures worrying about my son. I feed him well, yet he isn't as strong as other boys. He catches so many more colds than my cousin's boy. She gives her child Scotts Brand Emulsion, but I give my son a cod liver oil tonic, too. What can be wrong with him?"

When mothers find their children getting peaky in winter and catching one cold after another, they look for help to cod liver oil. And quite right, too. It's the finest body-builder you could give your child.

But you must be careful to choose the right form of cod liver oil. And that's where some mothers make a mistake. They don't realise that *cod liver oil should be made digestible* so that children's delicate stomachs can get all the goodness out of it. If it upsets your child's stomach or passes through undigested, you are wasting your money. And that's what may happen with plain oils and most cod liver oil mixtures.

Science to the Rescue

But there is one cod liver oil tonic which even the most delicate stomach can digest easily. It is Scotts Brand Emulsion. Look what an eminent Research Body says about it:—

> **"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body-building goodness they need."**

Actually, Scotts Brand Emulsion is even more digestible than milk puddings. Thirty minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of it, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, and particularly his chest and lungs.

That's what makes him sturdy, strong-boned, and as free from colds or other winter illness as the little Westcliff boy whose mother writes this letter:—

Weakling Becomes Athlete

"Often I secretly cried over our youngest boy—he was so weak and pale and caught things easily. At last my husband suggested Scotts. In 3 weeks we noticed a difference. Now he's nine, never away from school and captain of his football team. I thought it only fair to give Scotts to my other children, too."

> **But remember. A cod liver oil tonic can do good only if your child can digest it. He can digest it properly only if it is Scotts Brand Emulsion.**

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist today. Give it to your child regularly through the winter. Watch his appetite improve, his cheeks fill out, his muscles get hard, his whole life become as happy as any mother could wish.

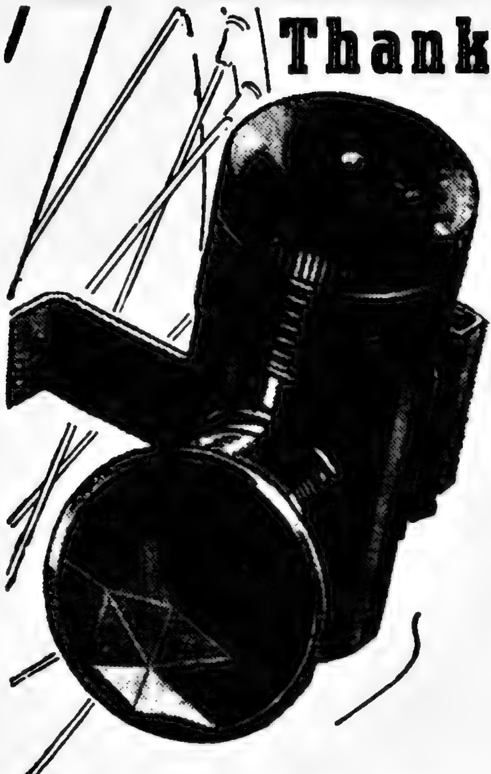
Mid-day Saturday

You're free for the week-end . . . a good dinner, a chair in the garden and a fragrant cigar to smoke. But that real cigar fragrance needn't cost you much if you buy Wills's Whiffs.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-



Thanks friend - *you're seen and safe!*

Just around the corner is November—and fog! Play safe this winter and fit an 'Ever Ready' electric rear lamp. More than a courtesy to the fellow behind you—it means that you're always seen in time. 35 hours of light cost only 3½d.

Price complete with bracket

1/6

Obtainable everywhere

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

EVER READY

REGD TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

Waiter could have screamed with STOMACH PAIN

Forced to be alert and attentive for hour after hour, always in the public eye, how could a waiter suffering agonies with stomach pain carry on his work? That was the problem facing Mr. W.H.H. of Exeter, and this letter tells vividly of his suffering and how he cured it.

Each year had to leave work

"For nearly 4 years I have suffered from ulcerated stomach.

"I am a waiter, so you can understand how I have suffered—on the go for 12 to 14 hours each day. Sometimes I could have screamed with pain whilst waiting on the guests.

"Each year I have had to leave my work as I could not carry on.

"Not long ago I got a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and since taking it, I feel different altogether." W.H.H.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brings quick relief because it is the original scientific remedy which goes to the root of all stomach disorders.

The original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, both bearing the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

That is your safeguard. All chemists sell it in Powder or Tablet form, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

FREE details of LISSEN 1937 RADIO
Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Lissen, Ltd., 113-117, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, for fullest particulars of LISSEN Radio Receivers, obtainable on easy terms as low as 2/6 a week. See p. 37.

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This Thick New Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair which has been perfect ever since."

H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

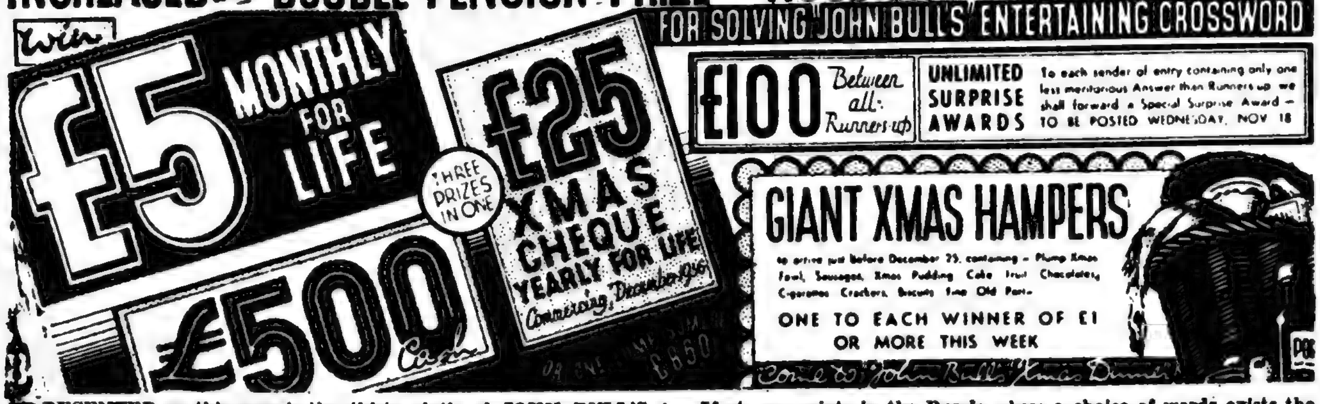
If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (32. F.C.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse and Soothe Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP the Tonic Shampoo.

INCREASED one week 'DOUBLE PENSION' PRIZE and HUGE CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD


Win
£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
£500 Cash
THREE PRIZES IN ONE
£25 XMAS CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE Commencing December 1936
OR ONE LUMP SUM £660
£100 Between all Runners-up
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award — TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, NOV 18
GIANT XMAS HAMPERS
to arrive just before December 25, containing — Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, fine Old Port
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK
Come to John Bull's Xmas Dinner

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 19, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULL

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copy or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Fo whether both puzzle squares are used or not. fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLIN Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Form: Entry Form to be posted as directed (not livered by hand), to reach us not later than Frid November 6.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXT SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" other announcement of this Competition. Thus entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, conta letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, corresponding properly indicated letter on a Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be decided, or such flaws occur in more than one square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspond will be entered into.

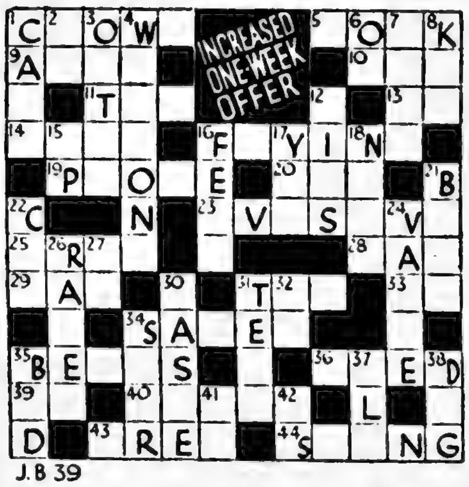
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 19. Sho any competitor not announced as a winner believe tha entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, Novemb 24, in accordance with the directions given with result enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny wh may amend the result must be accepted as final. scrutiny can be conducted in connection with t Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordin entries are accepted only on condition that the result our double adjudication establishing these winners regarded as final. Merit is established according to th total number of Answers to Clues, both across and dow which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £850 cash wil paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 39. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1936.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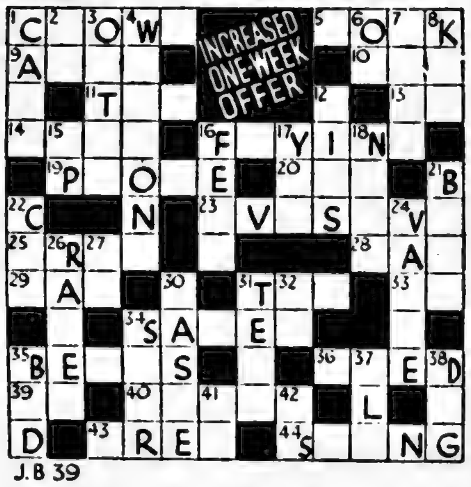
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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value............ No..................

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED ....

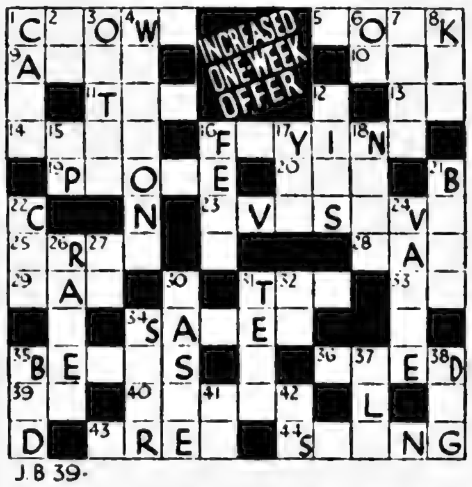
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 39. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1936.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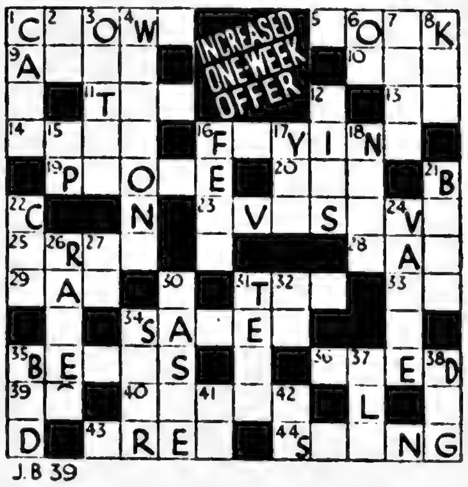

J.B 39

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value............ No..................

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

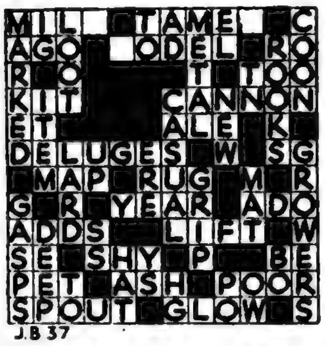
Name ....

Address ....

....

AFFIX 1½D. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½D. STAMP HERE



J.B 37

X-WORD No. 37.

RESULT ON PAGE 46.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above. Three spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who gave MILD or MILK, TAMED or TAMER and JODEL or YODEL were regarded as having submitted apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 37 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the Coupon given below.

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

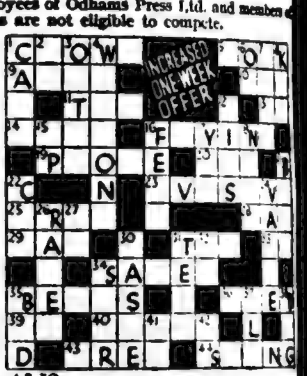
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. King becomes used to this
5. May slow down traffic on busy road
9. Prefix in middle of banter
10. Is worn with collar
11. It's easier to do this to wealthy man's money
13. Mutiny always ends thus
14. Assists cyclist to mount
16. Pre-historic man knew nothing about this
19. Counsel should not try to do this too much
20. Girl's name in enamel
23. Shifty and elusive
25. Soldiers shoulder these
28. Old convict
29. Goes to sea and is put on road
31. Tot generally welcomes another one to play with
33. Extremities of legs
34. Crooks usually work together at these
35. Policemen have regulation ones
36. Picture on the package won't tell you much about this
39. Centre of case
40. Tiny particles
43. Old sea-dog knows the right kind of this
44. It's seldom one sees modern verses with this in them

CLUES DOWN

1. Are sometimes called by pet names
2. Royal Navy, in short
3. Water animal hunted by dogs
4. Means of offence or defence
6. Moth without head or tail
7. Finger ornament
8. This unlocks door for you
12. Sardines do not need big ones
15. Trump without a drink
16. It may affect play if footballer is off his
17. Yes, in old-fashioned style
18. There's one at the tip of each finger
21. Implores
22. Dick Whittington's pal
24. Should be considered whenever buying a radio
26. Money collected by these usually goes into the bank
27. Remove two ducks from moor
30. Sonny usually cleans teeth with this
31. Being in first one may make youngster nervous
32. Part of doss in hostel
34. It twinkles in the sky
35. Evil
37. Eliminate last six letters of eliminate
38. Vicious one is likely to make you angry
41. Owl with no tail
42. Common to bliss and distress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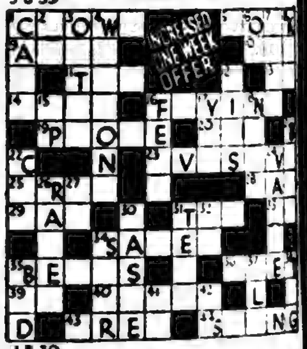
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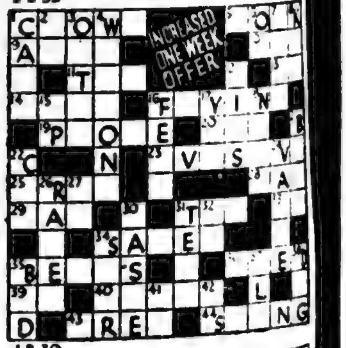
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J B 39

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner should purchase his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY
CROSSWORD NO. 39,
"JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Special Offer TO GREY HAIRED MEN & WOMEN

Every grey-haired man and woman is invited to accept Free Trial Supplies of the following Preparations. Simply send 8d. stamps for post and packing to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (A.801), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

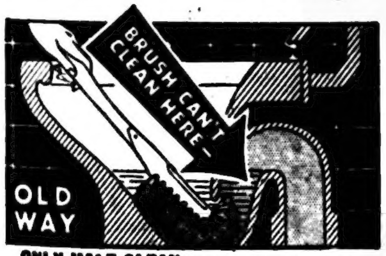
Grey hair is a tragedy—particularly when it can so easily be remedied. If your hair is Grey, or going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer, which will quickly bring it back to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen, 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per Bottle.

CREMEX SHAMPOO

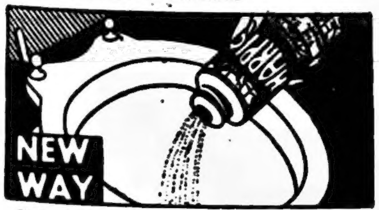
No hair can be healthy unless it is cleansed regularly and thoroughly. Shampoo with "CREMEX." Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the Scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos. Single sachets 3d. each.

From all Chemists and Stores

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?


BRUSH CAN'T CLEAN HERE
OLD WAY

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.


HARPIC
NEW WAY

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC

Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A FREE *Furnishing* BOOK that You ought to possess.

Fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 31 and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp, to Drage, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.), 73-77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

His BREAKDOWN

WAS DUE TO FAILING

Motor Nerves

What's The Matter?
Mary—I'm Finished, I Feel Completely Done

THEY NEEDED FEEDING AND STRENGTHENING WITH THE FAMOUS DR. CASSELLS FORMULA.

Are **YOU** like Mr. Martin, thoroughly Run-Down, Utterly Weary . . . unable to concentrate on your job? Then read **AT ONCE** the case I publish to-day! Do not wait until disaster stares *you* in the face. Begin **NOW** to take Dr. Cassells Tablets and so make yourself a New Person.

Dr. Cassells Tablets are known all over the World. They are the **COMPLETE** Treatment . . . Strengthening, Feeding and Nourishing the Nerves and restoring Nerve Power in a wonderful way.

Your NERVES Are Your LIFE

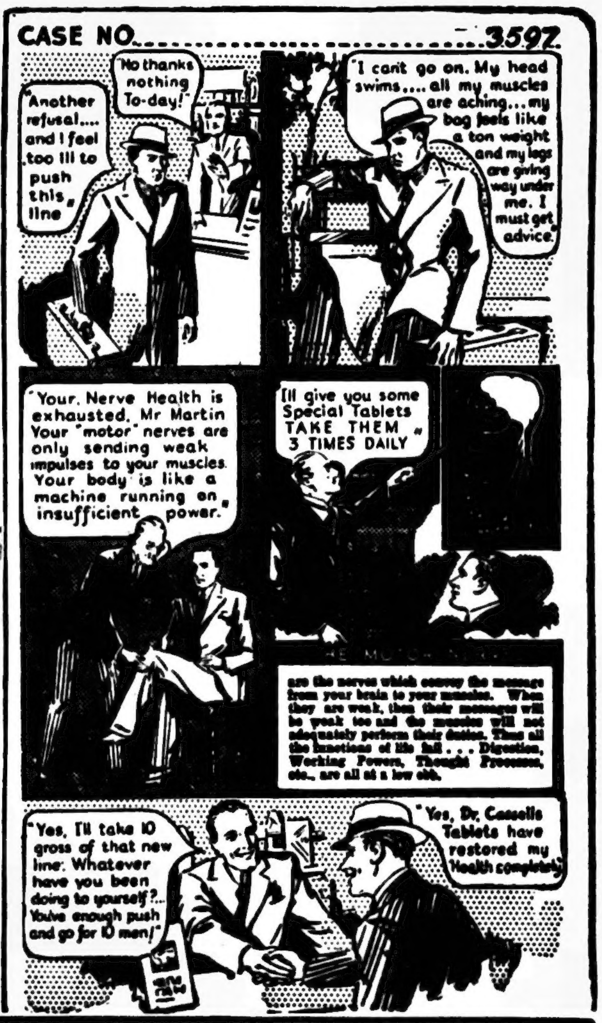
When Nerves are weak then **EVERY** bodily function suffers! And you will continue to suffer until you Strengthen and *Feed* your Nerves. If, therefore, you suffer from:

HEADACHES
BACKACHE
IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
DEPRESSION
PALPITATION
HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
SLEEPLESSNESS
DEBILITY
ANÆMIA

you need Dr. Cassells Tablets most urgently. **DO NOT DELAY!** It is **NOW** you must act . . . **NERVE BREAKDOWN** comes often with devastating swiftness. **STOP IT NOW** while there is time.

From All Chemists

6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-


CASE NO. 3597
"No thanks nothing To-day!"
"Another refusal.... and I feel too ill to push this line"
"I can't go on. My head swims.... all my muscles are aching... my bag feels like a ton weight and my legs are giving way under me. I must get advice."
"Your Nerve Health is exhausted, Mr Martin Your "motor" nerves are only sending weak impulses to your muscles. Your body is like a machine running on insufficient power."
"I'll give you some Special Tablets TAKE THEM 3 TIMES DAILY"
THE MOTOR NERVES
are the nerves which convey the message from your brain to your muscles. When they are weak, then their messages will be weak too and the muscles will not adequately perform their duties. Thus all the functions of life fail . . . Digestion, Working Powers, Thought Processes, etc., are all at a low ebb.
"Yes, I'll take 10 gross of that new line: Whatever have you been doing to yourself?... You've enough push and go for 10 men!"
"Yes, Dr. Cassells Tablets have restored my Health completely."

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Chilly Autumn days play havoc with delicate throat membranes. Take Allenburys Pastilles regularly to allay irritation and prevent infection

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

for your Throat

P.2.

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plate so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere. Post Coupon for free trial sample, which will be sent in plain wrapper. Use unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.

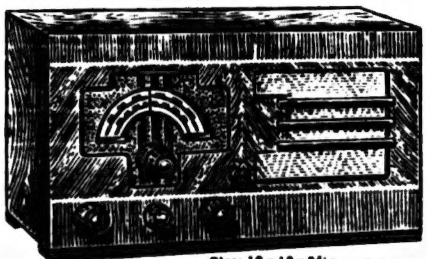
FREE SAMPLE

Name..

Address.......................................

FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 83),
86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 18 x 10 x 9½in.

GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V-3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

8/- Monthly

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including Iron-cored Multi-wire Coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of exceptional efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a Nital Magnet and a new type of non-ferrous chassis, the valves are: Two High Frequency Pentodes; One High Power Output Pentode; and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained crossbands and neat sycamore inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connector (for wall plug or lamp holder); and either Inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is securely packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price **£7:12:0**

Terms: 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT:—Nothing is added to the price for easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Christmas Pie

OUT NEXT WEDNESDAY

PACKED with wonderful stories of romance, mystery and adventure—magnificent pictures (many in colours)—joke drawings that will keep the whole family amused. "Christmas Pie" presents, in 112 big pages, one of the grandest feasts of fun and fiction ever placed between two covers—*all for 6d.* Don't miss this grand double-value magazine. Out next Wednesday, November 4. Make sure of your copy early.

Look at the Famous Contributors:

SIR PHILIP GIBBS
"Sheer Imagination"
Illustrated by Colin Grme

DOROTHY L. SAYERS
"The Queen's Square"
Illustrated by A. Sindall

WARWICK DEEPING
"Cocktails for Two"
Illustrated by Frank Oldham

LORD DUNSANY
"The Electric King"
Illustrated by H. R. Millar

A. P. HERBERT
"The End of the Dabchick"
Illustrated by George Whitelaw

CECIL ROBERTS
"Glamour"
Illustrated by Sinclair Calow

S. L. BENSUSAN
"The Case of Wagner W. Clam"
Illustrated by W. J. Turner

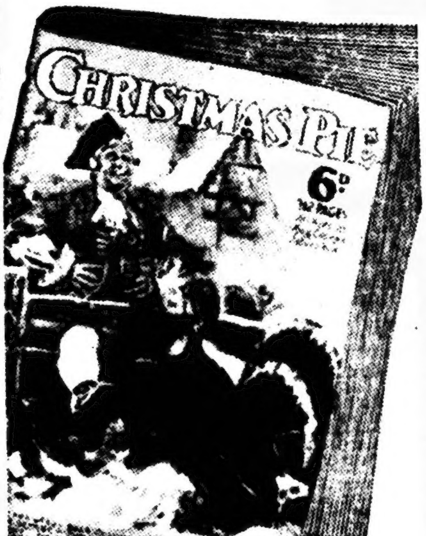
GILBERT FRANKAU
"Pug-Face's Daughter"
Illustrated by J. Grainger Jeffrey

ETC., ETC., ETC.

JOKE DRAWINGS

By H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, A. C. Barrett, Batchelor, Lawson Wood, Tom Cottrell, Bruce Bairnsfather, Edgar Spenceley, Ridgewell, etc., etc.

Get Your Copy Early.



112 PAGES FOR 6D.

All Profits to King George's Jubilee Trust.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient trouble free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£4.17.6**
Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments The price quoted is all you have to pay

Mr. E. D. of Richmond, writes:—"Just to say that the Wireless Set arrived Monday night. It is a wonder and far better than you say. The young man who fixed it up was amazed when I told him the price of it, he thought it was a 13 Guinea Set, and said it is a marvel. I shall recommend you to my friends."

Mr. H. A. M. of Coulsdon, writes:—"Received the S-3 safely. It has by far exceeded my expectations and I'm proud to own it, and show it to my friends."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

FREE OFFER.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to: **MAGIC LABORATORIES M.N., 31, New Court, Farringdon St., London. E.C.4**

A useful way of Banishing "Menu-monotony"

Here is a useful tip which goes a long way towards solving one little problem. To give zest to tired appetites, serve H.P. Sauce with breakfast bacon or sausages. It takes away all suspicion of greasiness and gives an appetising flavour. Try it!

GLANDS and VIRILITY

Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "burned up." Nervous debility, lassitude, inability to concentrate, depression, physical and mental exhaustion, from whatever cause arising, are signs of a deficiency in the system of certain vital gland-secretions. By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock of the years" and achieve super-abundant virility, a capacity for work and play such as you have never before experienced. DOVIM (for Men) and DOVITE (for Women) Rejuvenation Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of a secret-revealing little book which should be read by every adult. Address: INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. 176, 30, SMEDLEY ST., LONDON, S.W.8.

NOW he can BUY his own HOUSE

FORCED to remain in bed with a severe cold, Mr. A. Norman was none too pleased to hear a knock at the front door of his home, "Bangalore," Worthing Road, Laindon, Essex, early the other afternoon.

He heard his wife talking to someone and then she called through to him that it was good news. "I suppose," said the 43-year-old invalid, with mild sarcasm, "that you'll be telling me I've won the First Prize in *Bullets!*"

Well, *he had.* And soon Mr. Norman was telling a JOHN BULL man about this little comedy concerning the arrival of the golden Joy Wire that brought him our congratulations on capturing *Bullets* 1,047th First Prize.

"I'm much better now," he added. "In fact, I've never felt so well in my life!"

For his amusing and well-phrased *Bullet*, FOOTBALL FANS — ROARING "LIONS" ENVYING GIRAFFES, this competitor, who had never previously won a single cash prize in *Bullets*, secured a 3-in-1 First of £500, a Car and Week-end in London.

"I can now buy this house," this First Prize-winner said, "and feel that my wife and four daughters have a roof over our heads for all time, as well as extend my business as a laundry agent."

* * *

Close behind that busy family man in this contest's race for prizes came a 35-year-old bachelor, Mr. H. Harrison, 28, Glover Street, Camp Road, Leeds. A £50 cheque and alarm watch were his for the neat and thoughtful Second Prize effort, GENEVA WANTS — ABLE BRAINS — BABEL REIGNS.

"I am a tailor by trade," this big winner told us, "and work for a splendid firm, the Hope Manufacturing Co. But before being employed by them I was out of work for a long time, so this fine prize is very welcome. I have entered *Bullets* with fair success for five years and was determined to secure a big award.

"I carry the list of *Examples* about with me," he concluded, "and keep my eyes and ears open for humorous comments or snatches of philosophy that can be turned into winning *Bullets.*"

* * *

Opposite you will find the *Examples* for this week's magnificent offer of Cash and Christmas Feasts. Keep the list with you wherever you are to-day and you are bound to come across some little incident or apt remark that you could reproduce in a *Bullet*. It may well prove worthy of a plump Surrey Fowl, a giant Hamper, or even that splendid £500 fortune which heads the long prize-list.

HERE ARE YOUR GUIDES TO A £500 SUCCESS

THE successful efforts in our 1,048th Contest are not due to appear until next week. Meanwhile, we recall for your assistance a number of winning *Bullets*, each of which brought its sender a £500 fortune.

Study carefully the varied styles of these sparkling winners, noting how closely each effort is fitted to its *Example* and how clearly its meaning is expressed in neat and original phrasing. Then turn to this week's *Examples* with confidence and you may well turn out a £500 winner yourself.

MY WORLD
  THREATENED BY "MY COUNTRY!"
THANKS TO NURSE
  OVERLOOKED—MY ONLY "TWINGE"
BIG GUNS
  "BRAVE" DISPLAY OF—FEAR!
WAR AFTER WAR
  WILL "GUNS EVER STOP"?
WHAT THE SPORTSMAN SAID
  "THEIRS TO-DAY—THERE'S TO-MORROW!"
WHEN DAD WENT CYCLING
  BOUND FAR—FOUND BAR!
LOOK ABOUT YOU AND
  SEE "UNSEEN" IN SCENE!
GUARDED
  FLAME, MAKE MINER'S *Life*!
LITTLE SUNBEAM
  "ENLIGHTENS" ALL "ABOUT YOU"
"TRUST ME!"
  BALDWIN'S *Other* FAMOUS "PIPE"
SPEEDING
  YOU DON'T "SEE NATURE"
WORTH BACKING
  MONARCHY—KEEPS *You* "MONARCH."

SEND FOR THIS FREE HELP NOW

"FOR being able to work out the right kind of phrasing so quickly, I have to thank the help of *Bullets Bulletin*," declared Mr. A. Norman, the story of whose First Prize triumph appears above. "*Bullets Bulletin* has not only improved my competition knowledge," said that contest's Second Prize-winner, Mr. H. Harrison; "it has also shown me what to avoid."

Helpful criticism of typical failures, expert advice on constructing *Bullets* and an encouraging article by the Competition Editor are but three of the regular features of *Bullets Bulletin*.

Published solely to help would-be winners in our contests, *Bullets Bulletin*, together with JOHN BULL'S invaluable *Crossword Gazette*, can be yours at the mere cost of its ½d. postage.

As a regular reader, moreover, you will receive each week an opportunity to enter for an attractive £30 Judging Contest and will also be sent a free addressed envelope for your entry. Fill up now the easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page and enclose it with this week's *Bullets* entry.

PENSION AND £500 WON IN CROSSWORD No. 37

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 37, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square were those submitted by:—

A. LOVIS, 50, BOLTON STREET, BRIXHAM, DEVON,

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive a Pension of 30s. Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or a lump sum of £800 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, November 3, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following thirteen competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the winning Square:—

R. Allington, 34, Essex Rd., Enfield Town, Middx.; B. G. Carrier, 14, Eaton Ave., Chester; N. Clark, 11, Beech Grove, Sale, Ches.; E. Deprez, The Grey House, Lansdowne Rd., Worthing; J. K. Frost, Clifton House, Clifton Hill, Exeter; R. Jones, 2, Knowsley Rd., Bristol; A. Lovis, 50, Bolton St., Brixham, Devon; Mrs. J. M. Murphy, Kingsdon, Taunton; F. Queen, Grangewood, Stobswood, Morpeth; E. Robinson, Bell Lane, Minchinhampton, Glos.; G. H. Timmins, 54, Dunsdale Rd., Coventry; Mrs. E. Tunstall, 140, Cambridge St., Derby; E. Webb, Hewlett St. Post Office, Cheltenham.

These winners will each receive £7 13s. 11d., and each of their prizes will be accompanied by a luxurious £9 9s. All-wave "Ferranti" Radio.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 166 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

Waiting for 2 3 or 4 Words

£500

Cash plus

XMAS SHOPPING WEEKEND

IN LONDON FOR TWO

and £25 TO SPEND

1051

GREAT NEW 3 in 1 FIRST and INCREASED XMAS FEASTS!

£50 £25 £20 £18 £16

£14 £12 £10 £9 £8

£7 £6 £5 10 of £2.10s.

3000 "Double-Star Targets"

5000 "Star Targets"

THIS WEEK ONLY

Happy Christmas

100 FINE XMAS HAMPERS

to arrive just before Dec. 25, containing Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port

500 HUGE 12'6 XMAS CAKES

—A luscious 5 lb Masterpiece from Buszards, the famous Pastrycooks—to arrive just before December 25

SENSATIONAL SHOWER OF HAMPERS, CAKES AND XMAS CASH!

A £500 Fortune is in itself a huge reward for a few simple words, but the First Prize-winner in this week's giant *Bullets* Offer will also enjoy the unique privilege of coming up to London with a companion for a Christmas Shopping Week-end, staying at a famous West-end hotel, and having an additional £25 cash to spend on Christmas presents.

Supporting this seasonable 3-in-1 First is a splendid array of Christmas Cash Prizes. And these are followed by no fewer than 600 of the luscious Christmas Feasts for which JOHN BULL'S Contests are renowned.

"I have often read what prize-winners had to say about *Bullets* Hampers, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating," observed one of last year's Christmas Hamper winners—Mr. J. Stainton, 3, York Road, Arrowthwaite, Whitehaven. "Everything was of tip-top quality, and my *Bullets* Hamper made all the difference in the world to our Christmas."

"I need hardly say that my Cake was of the best," echoes another 1935 Christmas Feast winner, Miss E. Bailey, 47, Cranleigh Gardens, Luton. "It was a dream of a Cake," declared Mr. W. A. Dickie, 6, Lent Place, Leeds.

Let those tributes, typical of hundreds on JOHN BULL'S files, give you added determination to capture one of those giant Hampers or delicious 12s. 6d. Cakes waiting to be won this week—and one of the *Bullets* you make may, in fact, carry you to that £500 peak of the prize-list.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a *Bullet*, read through the list of *Examples* and pause at each one which brings ideas to your mind. Write down these particular *Examples*, together with all the rough notions they suggest. Thus you will have gathered the rough material for your *Bullets*: your next step is to polish these first jottings into sparkling efforts consisting of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example* LACKED POLISH, had prompted you to add *Recruit's Boots, So Sergeant Angry.* After a few minutes' thought you could easily improve this into the typical *Bullet*, LACKED POLISH — PRIVATE'S BOOTS — SERGEANT'S "SOCKS."

Before starting on your efforts, study the good points of the First Prize *Bullets* reproduced for your guidance on the opposite page. Then tackle the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be in by Saturday, November 7.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE 'EXAMPLES'

(Competition No. 1,051)

IN LIBERTY'S NAME
OUGHT TO BE EXPOSED
MEANS STARVATION
BEFORE WE GO
NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS
TOUCHING SIGHT
THEATRE v. CINEMA
QUARRELSOME
IT'S EASY TO LAUGH WHEN
PUTTING A WORD IN
CAN'T TURN ROUND
EATING
"THAT'S TOUGH!"
IN SERVICE
WITH DAD'S CONSENT
DARKNESS FELL AND
THE INTRUDER
PETRIFIED
HE'S NOT RELIGIOUS, BUT
ALL MIXED UP
IN THE NET
AT THE END OF HIS TETHER
DIFFICULTIES
ON AND OFF
LACKED POLISH
APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE, SO
KICKING HIS HEELS
OVERLOOKED
LOST THE GAME
IN A HURRY
OUR STAFF
WHEN THEY OPENED
INTERNATIONAL JURY
KNOCK AFTER KNOCK
CLOSED DOWN
FINAL WHISTLE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed '& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

If you want to use Advertiser's coupons on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" or enter further "Bullets" on plain paper.

ACCEPT

48

FREE PAGES

of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME..............................

ADDRESS..............................

....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

ENTER ON THESE COUPONS BY SAT., NOV. 7.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,051)
Closing SAT., Nov. 7.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,051)
Closing SAT., Nov. 7.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....
Address ....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,051)
Closing SAT., Nov. 7.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....
Address ....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,051)
Closing SAT., Nov. 7.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....
Address ....

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,047 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Knight's, 30, High Road, Laindon, Essex.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,051 usually purchase "John Bull."

☛ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 1,051, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)

SKIN DISEASES

DISAPPEAR IN A NIGHT

The GREATEST HEALER of MODERN TIMES

All Kinds of Skin Diseases Banished in Record Time

We have a room full of testimonials which we guarantee can be seen by anyone.

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS

"For years I suffered with ulcerated Leg and could not walk. I applied Zee-Kol, and my leg was Healed in a week."

ECZEMA

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

SORE FEET, ABRASIONS, ETC.

One will never suffer with sore feet if Zee-Kol is applied at night and socks worn while sleeping.

PIMPLES AND BLEMISHES

"I always had Blemishes and Pimples. Zee-Kol removed them in a night—they simply vanished."

BURNS

Blisters will not appear when Zee-Kol is immediately applied to any bad burns. It takes the pain away instantly, and new skin is formed in a few days.

CORNS

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SCALP IRRITATION

Zee-Kol thinned with any oil and rubbed well into the scalp removes all Dandruff and irritation.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

THERE is no finer remedy for Eczema and other skin troubles, than nature's greatest healer, ZEE-KOL ointment! Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like ZEE-KOL. Beware of imitations.

PROVE IT! GO TO YOUR CHEMIST AND BUY A 1/3 OR 3/- TIN AND IF YOU ARE NOT DELIGHTED WITH THE MARVELLOUS HEALING POWER OF ZEE-KOL OINTMENT, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IF THE REMAINS OF THE TIN ARE RETURNED.

So efficacious is Zee-Kol that pimples and rashes have often vanished within a few nights. Ulcerated legs and other distressing leg troubles are quickly healed.

Zee-Kol ointment is a miracle ointment—vouched for by thousands of testimonials from sufferers who have derived such marvellous benefit. These testimonials can be seen any time at our offices.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blemishes, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Kee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a patent medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Leg Troubles, Chilblains, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

At all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 or large tin 3/-

FREE GIFT COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment

cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18),
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

POISONED CUTS

Bathe with hot water and then generously apply Zee-Kol and cover with clean linen. This will remove all septic conditions. In two to four days the place is healed.

INSECT BITES

All bites should be treated immediately with Zee-Kol. It kills the sting at once, and all inflammation disappears.

RHEUMATISM, ETC.

Warm hand in hot water or before a fire, then rub Zee-Kol well into the joints. Your Rheumatism will be instantly relieved and Aches and Pains speedily go.

SPRAINS, ETC.

Massage with Zee-Kol and then bandage, but not too tightly, just sufficient to give support. Zee-Kol instantly removes the inflammation and the sprain is better in two days.

ABSCESSES

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

ERYSIPELAS

This alarming skin affection will disappear quickly with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

BEARD RASH

Zee-Kol applied two nights will banish this distressing and disfiguring complaint.

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